

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

DECEMBER 12, 1936

WHO'S WHO

THOMAS F. COAKLEY, D.D., is pastor of Sacred Heart Church, Pittsburgh, Pa. The grandeur of that edifice, the originality of its conception, oft-described in *Liturgical Arts* and architectural periodicals, are due to the vision of its pastor. The parish itself is one of the best conducted in the country. Dr. Coakley, upon publication of *Leakage Out of Peter's Barque* (November 14), tore off a Letter to the Editor. He complained that figures were of no avail without reasons. The Editor, there-upon, challenged him to give reasons. He returned bombshells. His interest in the leakage problem goes back two scores of years; he assisted Archbishop Canevin in the preparation of the famous pamphlet *Catholic Growth in the United States, 1780-1920*.

HARRY CHAPIN PLUMMER, whose series on the Spanish scene concludes this week, is at present lecturing before Rotaries, Kiwanis, Lions, etc., and article-writing. . . . For the first time, JOSEPH N. MOODY enters our list of contributors. A priest of the Cathedral, New York, he is professor of history at Cathedral College, and professor of religion at New Rochelle College. . . . Having collected professorial experience at the University of Detroit, ROBERT C. HARTNETT now completes special studies at Heythrop College, Oxford, England. . . . ALBERT I. WHELAN managed the *Book Survey Supplement*, of last week; he goes young, this week, for the benefit of the buyers for the young.

NEXT WEEK will be our pre-Christmas issue. Poems, of course, carefully culled by Father Feeney, will be a feature. Articles and comments will help to prepare us for the Merry Birthday.

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AMERICA. Published weekly by The America Press, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y., December 12, 1936, Vol. LVI, No. 10, Whole No. 1418. Telephone ME4dallion 3-3082. Cable Address: Cathreview. United States, 10 cents a copy; yearly \$4.00; Canada, \$4.50; Europe, \$5.00. Entered as second-class matter, April 15, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, under Act of March 3, 1879. AMERICA, A Catholic Review of the Week. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

COMMENT

WHILE the Holy See asks the prayers of the world for the approaching International Eucharistic Congress in Manila, retrospect may turn to Buenos Aires, asking what lasting effect did that great religious event produce? An obvious answer might be: it produced an atmosphere which two years later the visiting President of the United States felt bound to respect. However he might weigh his words as addressed to the folks at home and the world in general, President Roosevelt undoubtedly had primarily in mind the audience that he was actually looking at when toward the close of his address on December 1 before the Inter-American Conference for the Maintenance of Peace, he said:

But this faith [in peace] of the Western world will not be complete if we fail to affirm our faith in God. In the whole history of mankind, far back into the dim past before man knew how to record thoughts or events, the human race has been distinguished from other forms of life by the existence—the fact—of religion. Periodic attempts to deny God have always come, and will always come, to naught.

In the Constitutions and in the practice of our nations is the right of freedom of religion. But this ideal, these words presuppose a belief and a trust in God.

The President profited by the contrast in the present outward conditions of the New as compared with the Old World to point the lesson of peace. It was natural enough for him to note the striking circumstance that God and religion can be freely mentioned in an inter-American conference of governments where such a mention would be banned at a similar gathering in Europe; and to profit by that freedom as well. But if his words are to be more than a mere pleasant utterance for pious ears, they will indicate, as we trust they do, the dawn of a policy radically differing from that pursued of recent years in Latin America by the United States. Such a policy will recognize not only that God is honored in name and worship at Buenos Aires, but that such honor is the foundation for any permanently peaceful relations between each and all of the republics of the New World.

HEIGHTENED in importance by the attendance of President Roosevelt, the Inter-American Peace Conference at Buenos Aires not only reflects the secular and we hope spiritual efforts toward the goal of New World solidarity, but is besides an earnest as well as a result of a much deeper understanding between the two peoples who occupy the northern and southern sections of our Western Hemisphere. However commercially advantageous trade pacts are between the two countries, and however praiseworthy is a combined effort for world peace, it is well to recognize the undoubted fact that unless the understanding goes deeper than that it is not liable to prove enduring or efficacious,

unless each makes a serious conscientious attempt to understand the other, its race, language, and culture. On our part there seems to be a big advance made since the days when every American writer seemed to make it a point to undervalue, misunderstand, if not openly caricature Latin America's contribution to culture. This attitude, often the work of irresponsible authors, where not consciously motivated by religious bigotry, could not but have antagonized a people whose cultural and historical antecedents are older and more glorious than anything we of the North could boast of. And it is not merely in the treatment of the inter-racial problem that we can learn from our Southern neighbors, though that is outstanding. Just as merely the hands-across-the-sea policy between the two great Anglo-Saxon peoples will most assuredly prove an obstacle to lasting peace between them, so an intelligent appreciation of their respective culture and ethos on a plane of complementary equality will be the surest means of cementing lasting friendship between the two peoples of our western continent.

INEVITABLY the law of diminishing returns will apply to Santa Claus, as it has to so many other favorites of the advertising art. When Santa begins offering the family Binks' Bicarbonettes after the Christmas dinner or slipping toothpaste into the children's stockings, people just will not love Santa any more. Affection for him has already cooled a little too much for his good health. Nor may Santa make friends of mammon by toasting his acquaintances in a glass of Golden Old Pal Rye, for the practical mind of the New Jersey Licensed Beverage Association has turned thumbs down on the use of Santa Claus for promoting liquor sales. In this, they follow the lead of New Jersey's Alcoholic Beverage Control Commissioner, D. Frederick Burnett, who had advised against use of St. Nicholas' or Santa's picture or name in advertising or display copy for alcoholic beverages during the coming Christmas season. The very sound reason is given that the patron saint, or his mythical substitute, has from time immemorial been associated with children, and it is for the best interest of the industry that the symbol should not be associated with beverages. Will the sales organizations, retail or wholesale, come also to recognize the unfavorable reaction which is bound to come sooner or later against highly seductive types of liquor advertisement? A man who is tempted to crook the elbow all too frequently finds it hard enough to forget the glass even when it is not presented to him. How much harder when it is held to his eyes, his lips, his nostrils by advertising that vividly represents the tinkling glass and the fragrant mixture!

CAPACITY crowds have jammed the stadia for college football, and this seems to be a fairly accurate gage of the state of John Public's pocket-book. During depression days many college men felt they could not afford the price of a ticket when Alma Mater played her annual "big" game with her old rival. Evidently football business is on the mend. But in the midst of this satisfaction on the part of the athletic department comes the oft-repeated cry of "commercialism" screaming from large-type headlines in our dailies. Again it is the Carnegie Foundation that threatens to hold another house cleaning for the colleges. Trustee Frank A. Vanderlip of the Foundation discoursed on the overemphasis placed on athletics in colleges, said the advisability of making another report was suggested, and concluded with the statement that the situation was more reprehensible than ever. It can be imagined that the threat of another Carnegie brooming made ground-supervisors warn the athletic department of the wisdom of having left-tackle Bill himself raise the flag on the campus flagpole rather than freshman manager Hill, whom the coach told to understudy for big Bill. But the investigation of subsidized athletes seems to resolve itself about the question of employment. If the athlete has a "legitimate" job, athletics of the college are simon-pure. But in all fairness it would seem that large colleges with extensive grounds and equipment, which place a goodly proportion of jobs at the disposition of the coach, are just as reprehensible as the smaller colleges without these opportunities for employment, which support their recruits from athletic profits. By all means let us have the investigation, but let it be sincere. It might be advisable for all campus jobs to be distributed solely through the committee on credentials. However, one result since the last Carnegie investigation is apparent. One does find more athletes at college who are really seeking an education and who could never afford to attend if they had not shown athletic ability.

NOT the use of money, but the nature of money, is the real question today at the heart of the confusing monetary issue, is the view propounded by the Rev. Damian Cummins, of Conception Benedictine Abbey, in the *Ecclesiastical Review* for November. "Today's problem," he writes, "is not interest on money, but the nature of money. The problem is not what can the individual do with his money, but what should society do with all money. Money, by definition, is based on some social agreement, and is created by social agreement. It must be made subject to control by its creator." Father Cummins keenly analyzes Saint Thomas' classification of money as consumption goods; but believes that Saint Thomas was not so rigorous as the canonists of succeeding centuries in conceding that payable damage from a loan could be agreed upon from the beginning. It is possible, Father Cummins holds, that "our modern need for the social regulation of money is all the greater from the fact that money is today drawn too much into

its secondary role—that is, so serve as a 'store of value' in the process of saving. . . . Thus profits, instead of being spent, become the very stuff of disastrous economic warfare." The practical applications of such a conclusion are very far-reaching, and it is to be hoped that Father Cummins' ideas will provoke ample discussion.

LEAKAGE from the Catholic Church is now to the fore in our columns. It is not a new problem, nor is there available any new solution. But there should be a new and forceful consciousness on the part of cleric and laic. Last summer, the Editor wrote an article for the *Preservation of the Faith*, in which he stated that there should now be in the United States, not only 20,735,189 Catholics but at least 60,000,000. He further surmised that each year there were more perverts than converts, that more than 63,454 baptized as Catholics abandoned their practices and beliefs. Later, he secured a copy of the out-of-print pamphlet, *Catholic Growth in the United States*, written by Archbishop Canevin in 1920. While the Archbishop's calculations seemed to disprove the assertion that there should be now three times as many American Catholics as there are, they could be interpreted in reality as a confirmation of the assertion. If the children and descendants of every American Catholic were now Catholic, every second person in the United States would be a Catholic.

THE DEMISE of Sir Basil Zaharoff serves an occasion to rehearse what was written on "The Mystery Man of Europe" in the two biographies that strove to reveal him to the world. It recalls, also, the facts carried by newspapers and periodicals on the occasion of the Senate Munition inquiry which connected him with United States armament manufacturers in Latin-American dealings and later when a British royal commission brought his name into its inquiry of international munitions manufacturers. The long list of his *kudos* and his munificent international benefactions as enumerated in the British *Who's Who* only interest us in one natural reflection, now that the trader in big stakes in armament, ship building, banking, and oil dealings died suddenly at Monte Carlo, over which he exercised a controlling interest but in whose game of chance he is said never to have participated. It is disconcerting to our ambitions for world peace to have footloose tycoons like Sir Basil exercising such tremendous power that governments are become their servile and unwilling dependents. The revelations made in the investigations referred to above would be staggering to one's hopes for world peace and amity, were we not prepared for it by so much revealed duplicity and criminal trucking with human lives since the Great War. Lord Beaverbrook thus spoke of Sir Basil: "The destinies of the nations are his sport; the movements of armies and the affairs of governments his special delight. In the wake of war this mysterious figure moves over tortured Europe."

SPAIN DEMANDS RELIGIOUS FREEDOM

Communists would destroy human rights

HARRY CHAPIN PLUMMER

GRAY skies, the heave and swell of the grayer Atlantic, a chill northeast rain-wind whipping the rigging of a westbound liner, and off the port bow the rugged New England coastline. It was such a vista that must have greeted the straining eyes of the Pilgrims seeking a new world and the right to worship. A far cry from sun-bathed Barcelona and the carnage and bloodshed and demoniacal strife of war-torn Spain. A non-Catholic clergyman, who had conducted the ship's Sunday services on the voyage and was now standing on deck with me asks, with lowered voice: "But isn't it true that the priests kept the Spanish people in bondage and darkness?"

"A favorite, but now somewhat time-worn argument of the Anarcho-Syndicalists," I replied. "However, I will give you an example of that 'bondage and darkness.' The handsome big church of Santa Madrona in a typical workingman's neighborhood in Barcelona—the priests, friars and nuns of which little community were massacred on 'Red Sunday'—maintained, in addition to their school, a sort of social settlement, which was always crowded by the young people of the parish on Saturday and Sunday afternoons and evenings and holidays. There were games and athletic contests and choral singing, for the Catalans are lovers of mass singing and maintain many splendid and renowned *orfeones*, or choral societies, and an occasional motion-picture show. There was a nominal charge for admission to the latter, a fraction even of the low prices exacted by the many theatres and cinemas of poor repute on a nearby street, corresponding to East Fourteenth or West Forty-second, in New York, or to the Bowdoin Square area in Boston. I recall having seen the people crowding into the settlement hall about two weeks before that awful holocaust and having noted the film announced. It was *Las Cuatro Hermanas*, the Spanish dialogued version of Louisa M. Alcott's *Little Women*! It struck me as evidencing breadth and sympathy of understanding that that picture of essentially Protestant background should have been chosen when there were any number of native Spanish films, almost all religious in character, that might have been presented. Because of its high moral value and the portrayal of the finest phases of the lives of

young people in a land far across the seas, the priests had scheduled *Little Women*."

My listener became very thoughtful. He began to speak more soberly of the disaster that had befallen Christianity, religion, civilization, in what for centuries had been a cradle of Christianity, of religion, of civilization.

Every one of those scarred, grimed, gaping shells that were temples dedicated to the Glory of God in the first half of this year is akin to the stately white meeting-house with the green blinds and with its surrounding burying ground or green that graces almost every New Hampshire or Maine or Connecticut village or town, I told him. Every shattered church in Barcelona or in any other Spanish city that has known the scourge of anarchy, and which still rears its cross heavenward, but with the diagonally-divided red-and-black flag of the C. N. T.-F. A. I. mocking it a few feet below, was a sanctuary, a shrine, of the affections, the deepest spiritual sensibilities, of the community about it.

Thus I talked to my friend, the non-Catholic clergyman. And I pointed out to him that the smitten sanctuaries of old Spain meant even more to the Spaniards than the white and green-shuttered meeting-houses meant to the New Englander. Today, in Spain, there is the spectacle of the God-given right to worship denied to a people who love their religion. The first of the fruits of the so-called New Liberty, New Fraternity, New International Solidarity, was the penalizing of the Spaniard or Catalan who dared to continue his centuries of worship. For the sign of the cross, for whatsoever display of crucifix or scapular or religious medal or votive-candle, there was swift punishment by death—usually by rifle-fire at two yards' distance from the muzzle. *Viva la libertad!* the executioners never failed to exclaim as they paraded unctiously past their slain.

A man of breeding and culture, my listener's face reddened in anger when I told him of the attempt of the rabble to destroy and to raze the ninth-century *Yglesia de San Pablo*, a tiny church structure in downtown Barcelona—one of the few examples of pure Gothic architecture extant in Christendom. Its great antiquity and its lovely lines were beloved of scholar, tourist and parishioner. The latter, most-

ly from Barcelona's *Pueblo Seco*, held it in special affection because generation after generation of their forebears had received the Sacraments within its gracious walls, part of which belonged to a Roman temple of centuries even before the ninth. Every stone in the ancient flagging had echoed to the hushed footfalls of kin and ancestors.

The pilot-boat bobs and flounders into sight. The clergyman grasped my hand cordially. "You have presented the situation in Spain in an entirely new light. What you say about the right to worship is absolutely true. It must be preserved at all costs," was his simple comment.

Regardless of the military situation, there are certain psychological factors transcending that which will make for the downfall of the present mockery of government, now but the administrative expression and instrument of an Anarcho-Syndicalist Dictatorship, and for the restoration of legitimate and responsible authority. The impending fall of Madrid may hasten, but may not finally determine that objective, which will in all likelihood rest upon other considerations. Indeed, if the course of Spain's history be any criterion, Madrid may be taken by the present assault and even lost again by the military forces and the process repeated.

Barcelona, first of the republic's cities in population and productive wealth, and obviously a strategic point of maximum value as the chief seaport, has yet to be captured, and, likewise Valencia, the third of Spanish cities. In both, the Anarcho-Syndicalist forces are entrenched. The former has long been a breeding-ground for anarchy and even in Bismarck's time was rated as such. The President, Manuel Azaña, has removed his executive seat to a mountain stronghold at Montserrat, near Barcelona, and the entire machinery of governmental administration, headed by the Premier, Largo Caballero, has been transferred from Madrid to Valencia.

Both Barcelona and Valencia, however, are populated in the main by elements of decency and law and order, who have only loathing and disgust for the present degradation to which their cities, for ages past centers of culture, industry, progress, have been reduced by a violent and noisy, withal strong and powerful minority in the government seated at the February elections. This minority is made strong and powerful by pistol, rifle and machine-gun, and specious pledges of what they are pleased to call "labor-rule."

The long cues of tired women, housewives, some bearing infants in their arms, many white-haired, patiently waiting, and often in vain, for food sufficient to maintain life, which one sees in the two cities, as, likewise, in Madrid, and which are strenuously attacked by the State-controlled, Anarcho-Syndicalist-inspired press as "manifestly lacking in faith in the government," constitute one element of silent protest against the "new liberty."

For another, we may revert to the *pensión*, where a majority typify the hundreds of thousands of men and youths, some of them mere boys, who have been impressed into service in the "Anti-

Fascist Militia" and who are forced to raise their fists in the "Moscow salute," whether they will or not. Their fathers and mothers, wives and families, heart-sickened and despairing, knowing that these loved ones are plunging into a struggle in which they have had but a transient and passing interest and now have none, constitute yet another element which for the moment appears to be aligned with the forces of anarchy and revolution. But as the fact is being brought home to all of these that they are being robbed of their heritage of national identity—whether it be Spanish or Catalan—of love of country, of flag, of security of life and property and of the right to worship, they are most likely to prove to be extremely doubtful and unreliable contingents in the ranks before and behind the lines now desperately struggling for the furtherance of Anarcho-Syndicalism's "ideal." Particularly may this be so when they learn of the battalions of Cataluña cut to pieces in the fruitless drive of four months past upon Zaragoza, capital of Aragón, and in the mid-August expedition to Mallorca, largest of the Balearic Isles, whence 1,000 returned of an army of 3,000.

The Communist Militia are facing highly trained military units whose entire personnel still cherish and still enjoy their birthright of Spanish or Catalan racial and national individuality. One of the reasons for the wholesale executions and massacres in and about Madrid has been the identification of the civilian recruits, virtually "shanghaied" into the "Anti-Fascist" Militia, with this *amor patriae* as the forces loyal to the ancient and traditional spirit of Castilla y Aragón have come within sight and sound of the capital. With those doubtful Governmental contingents mutinying and deserting are hosts of Madrid citizens who have lived in terror since the uprising of July 19, but who have taken courage from the nearing presence of the relieving Nationalist army and who, striving to flee to their approaching saviors, have been ruthlessly slain in the attempt. As with most of the *pensionistas* already described, the rank and file of the workingmen and workingwomen are not in sympathy with the *coup de guerre* by which the Anarcho-Syndicalists seized the "Popular Front" governments, national and regional autonomous, at Madrid and Barcelona and made of each little more than an endorsement stamp for Moscow's policies. But they are unarmed, and their Anarcho-Syndicalist masters and their following are armed. So until now these elements of decency and law and order have borne their cross of anguish in sorrowful silence, confident that sooner or later the liberating arms of Castilla y Aragón would be bound to come to their rescue.

The bugaboo of "Fascism" is employed with parrot-like insistence by the Anarcho-Syndicalists to instill the fear and dread of a dictatorship into the masses. But if a dictatorship arises in Spain it will be due not to any organized Fascist movement, but to the "Anti-Fascists" who have imposed upon the country a committee dictatorship a thousand-fold worse than the slavery and bondage of the Caesars, the Napoleons, and the Czars.

REASONS FOR LEAKAGE FROM THE BARQUE OF PETER

Fourteen holes that should be plugged

THOMAS F. COAKLEY

SHOCKED by the article *Leakage from Peter's Barque* in a recent issue of AMERICA, (November 14) I went scurrying back to my own census sheets for examination and study. I must sadly confess that in so far as my own city parish is concerned I am compelled to agree with many of the most important facts and figures set forth by a "Worried Pastor." I am just beginning to understand why so many noble pastoral brows are corrugated with horizontal lines of anxiety. Since he asks for comments may I suggest the following "fourteen points" as some of the reasons for the decline in the Catholic birth rate and the distressing drift from the faith that prevails among my own city flock:

1. If we can credit the figures published by Birth Control clinics, they show large percentages of Catholic clients.

2. The astonishing number of young married Catholic couples, both of whom are working, some of them secretly married, some of them known to be married, and to whom children are an impediment.

3. The lamentable fact of the suicide of the Irish race. The Irish made up the ancestors of this parish, and it is notorious that their descendants do not marry at all, or marry late in life, and Irish women as a rule are not very fertile.

4. The cessation of immigration of young and prolific Catholic people from Southern and South-eastern Europe.

5. The large Catholic population living in apartments and rooming houses. In this parish at the present time one mid-Victorian mansion which formerly housed a single family now has sixteen assorted families occupying it.

6. The migratory habits of urban American people. About one fifth of the population of this parish moved out during the past year, and approximately an equal number moved in. We are fast becoming a race of gypsies.

7. Religious considerations are secondary in the choice of a life partner; hence the large number of mixed and invalid marriages. The biological urge is primary and usually succeeds in excluding all other considerations, for passion laughs at delays and dispensations. The amazing part of it all is that

the parties involved, in spite of their Catholic training, seem to have no sense of serious sin in the whole nasty business. Catholic young people are rapidly coming to look upon a runaway marriage as an experimental union, whose invalidity they will have rectified and blessed by the Church only if it is successful. Meanwhile they will try it out and if it is disastrous they easily obtain a civil divorce, as well as a Decree of Nullity from an Ecclesiastical Court, and contract a valid marriage under Catholic auspices.

8. Our feeble resistance to the pagan influence of the press, the radio, the movies, theatres, dance halls and night clubs, with the resulting loss of Catholic influences in moulding the moral life of our people, who absorb un-Christian ideas ten times as often as they get Catholic ideals from the pulpit. In the past few weeks we have tested this by asking some of our parishioners what they think of the King Edward-Mrs. Simpson affair; the reply was usually a flippant one, such as any pagan might give, utterly disregarding the grave violation of the moral law and centuries of Catholic tradition.

9. Every city pastor, if he knows his parish, is bothered about the leakage problem. He knows in spite of incidental gains here or there that the actual situation is alarming and that the losses to the faith are terrific. Deep down in his heart he realizes that he loses more people every year in his own parish under his own very eyes through mixed and invalid marriages than he gains by conversions.

10. Many remain from Mass on Sundays because they either work and can't go, or else they don't work and won't go. In large urban centers the unemployed and the poor are unable to attend Mass due to lack of what they think are proper clothes. Pride in personal appearance is no small controlling factor. Somehow or other we do not seem to be able to make our people realize that Catholicism is a way of life, a thing to be done, a course to be pursued, a set of adamant principles to be used as a guide to conduct, and that God must ever and always come first.

11. As habits are acquired by repeated acts, so hundreds of Catholics almost unconsciously form the habit of not attending Mass on Sundays. They

have lost the motive for going because many of them do not understand the Mass at all, and think of it merely as an obligation imposed upon them by the Church, whose infallible right to direct their moral lives they question more and more.

12. The growing tendency among the laity to criticize Catholic pulpit announcements and sermons. It is a first feeble glimmer of what may swiftly grow into an anti-clerical movement of no small proportions. The laity complain publicly in mixed groups that they receive little solid Catholic instruction, the pulpit remarks harping on everything but the essentials of Christian doctrine and morality. They say they are subjected to unending announcements of a financial nature, leaving little time for a sermon, which too often is obviously unprepared, the preacher forgetting that there are in the pews hundreds of the laity as well or better educated than himself. The sermon is frequently delivered in a listless and obnoxious way, giving little or no solace to the congregation.

13. The general breakdown of the Catholic ideal of home and family life, accompanied by a craving for luxuries, pleasure, and freedom that are more readily satisfied without home or family. The automobile is perhaps the worst single element in this breakdown; it is a source of disintegration and separation instead of unity, and almost all modern vice is predicated on it. In this parish a considerable percentage of our people are continually on the go; they have no time to read anything but the flaming headlines of the yellow press. They do

no work on Saturdays and spend their week ends driving about the country with their families, and they either do not attend Mass on Sunday or at least fail to attend their own parish church. They thus acquire the habit of missing Mass; they hear no sermons or instructions, they do not frequent the Sacraments, and they know next to nothing and care next to nothing of what the Church is struggling against in this topsy turvy world.

14. The deplorable breakdown of our Catholic parish schools. It is almost a truism to say that we have no genuine Catholic schools in this country. Our parish schools are for the most part only copies of public schools with a veneer of Catholicism and religion thrown over them, staffed, it is true, by devoted and zealous nuns wearing a religious habit, but who are spiritually suffocated by the un-Catholic educational system that has gained control over us. The trend in our Catholic schools for the past generation has been more and more to ape the methods, the curriculum, the standards, the textbooks, and the credits of public-school education, until our Catholic schools have almost been drained of their supernatural content. Every fresh so-called enrichment of the curriculum has resulted in the impoverishment of the Catholic atmosphere of our schools, and this applies to elementary schools, colleges and universities.

Give us back the Catholic home, give us back our Catholic schools, and the leakage from Peter's Barque, if not stopped, will be so greatly diminished as to appear a mere trickle.

CATHOLIC DEFENSE AGAINST COMMUNISM

Not fighting it alone, but curing evils

JOSEPH N. MOODY

WHILE it is difficult to keep one's head in an argument, it is doubly difficult to keep it in a brawl. When someone attacks you violently and raises a crimson stain on your nose, it is hard to stop and ask if there might be an element of truth in your assailant's position. The instinct is to slash back, and the heat of an argument is no place for cool, dispassionate thinking. Passion and violence in attack usually inspire the same reactions in defense. This is very human, but often it is very unfortu-

nate. It is unfortunate for it frequently prevents the aggrieved party from understanding the point of view of the aggressor.

These remarks are timely in light of the present conflict of the Church with Communism. That there is a conflict no thinking man will deny. To minimize the importance of this struggle, to deny that the future of the Church in the modern world hangs upon its outcome, is tantamount to closing one's eyes to the obvious truth. To a very consid-

erable extent the burning question of our day is Rome or Russia. The Church today faces one of her periodic crises. She is opposed by an enemy that is organized, resourceful, and fanatically devoted to the elimination of Christianity and everything it represents from the modern world. The issue has been joined and our generation will be the battleground. It is probably not too much to say that the future of our civilization hangs in the balance, for if the Communist should win, certainly a new and different age would begin upon the earth, and with the recent example of Spain before our eyes we might well shudder at the vision of that future. If we are to survive, we must marshal all our forces against this new evil; with the Supreme Shepherd of Christendom we must proclaim: *Voilà l'ennemi*.

Until recently there was a feeling that we were not alive to the menace of Communism. Far-sighted men who realized the nature of the crisis feared that American Catholics might imitate the proverbial ostrich and remain indifferent to the growing peril. That fear has been removed by the progress of events. The spread of Communism throughout the world, its phenomenal activity in this country since the depression, the vigor and success of the Communist propaganda, the rallying of a large section of our youth to the new gospel, all this has convinced the dumbest and most apathetic that this new force is an increasingly serious threat to our very existence.

The growing consciousness of the Communist menace has produced a varied response among Catholics. Some have become alarmists, and there is much loose talk on the imminence of the Revolution. Many have become indignant, and have openly advocated force as the only sure means of repressing Marxism. Others have followed the lead of the Hearst newspapers, and spend their time expounding three main points: 1. that present day Russia is in a deplorable condition because of its adoption of Bolshevism, with the people in bondage to an inhuman dictatorship, with famine stalking the land and barbarism enshrined in high places; 2. that Communism is an alien product in America, supported by foreign gold and spread by alien agitators; 3. that Communism can be stifled by an appeal to patriotism and by a generous waving of the American flag.

Before me, I have a variety of pamphlets from Catholic sources which illustrate these different reactions. Of course all of them are conscious of the underlying causes of Communism, but the emphasis is always on the points outlined above. One of them, in advising Catholic students on the proper method of dealing with Communists, suggests the following: "If anyone should give you Communist books or pamphlets or papers, you should tear them up at once. If any of your teachers or your companions at school should try to talk Communism to you or your classmates you should report them to the authorities." This same brochure has much to recommend it, but the above quotation is indicative of the negative character of much of our apologetic in this field. Most of our anti-

Communist popular literature is commendable for its zeal, but its tactics are questionable.

Something might be said against each of the responses mentioned above. There is no doubt that there are forces in this country preparing actively for "The Day," when the masses shall arise in their might to throw off the shackles of oppression. To assert, however, that the day is near at hand is to exaggerate the present radical strength and to minimize the resistance that a country with the social complexion of the United States would muster against such an attempt. To quote the Russian Revolution as a proof that a small determined band could seize control is to neglect the special conditions which made the October Revolution possible: the disorganization following the military disasters of the War, the impotency of the middle classes, the rottenness of the central government and the inarticulate character of the peasant majority.

Undoubtedly revolution is a possibility in this country, but a much longer period of intellectual preparation is necessary before it could become a fact. Nor could much be said in favor of those who would fall back on violence as a means of repressing Communism, for history is eloquent in its demonstration of the futility of force as a curb on any virile movement.

The other points are equally debatable. Obviously the present dictatorship in Russia has violated every natural right of man, and as far as we can judge, the Soviet masses have as yet benefited very little from this costly experiment. Yet to base our argument against Communism on the present condition in Russia seems to me a risky business. At least, as far as the material condition of the USSR is concerned, all signs point to a considerable betterment in the next few decades. This is not due primarily to Communism but to the natural potentialities of this tremendously rich and underdeveloped section of the world. Russia is the last great frontier, and its enormous resources are just beginning to be tapped. Even before the advent of Communism, the wealth locked in this vast expanse of the earth's surface was becoming evident; now with an ever increasing population, with the growing industrialization and the opening up of new sources of raw materials, we might well be prepared for a miracle of economic development comparable to the prosperity of an expanding America in the latter half of the nineteenth century.

Nor is it entirely true that the Communist movement in America is wholly alien in its support and personnel. Foreign in origin it was, but it has shown a marvellous adaptability. Today most of its adherents are native-born Americans. A list of its prominent leaders from Browder down, or of the contributors to the new *Marxist Quarterly* will substantiate this claim, and its admitted strength among our student youth is an added proof of its domestic character. It has advanced beyond its earlier reliance upon Moscow gold, and today the movement seems self-supporting. Finally, patriotism is a poor antidote for misery, and is further inadequate as an argument since the Communist

claims that he, too, is working for the best interests of the country.

The chief strength of the Communist in our day lies not in his philosophy, which is abstruse and contradictory, scarcely understood by the rank and file, nor in his tactics which are the time-honored devices of the revolutionary agitator, but in the large element of truth in the Communist assault upon our present social order. The rise of industrialism in our Western world has given rise to such manifold inequalities and such obvious violations of justice that any system which vigorously points out these abuses is assured of a hearing among the oppressed and down-trodden. Communism does not offer a solution for these evils that will satisfy the reflecting, but it gains adherents because it is in the forefront of the battle against social misery. If a man does not find security in one social order, he will seek it in another, and a large proportion of our fellowmen have failed to find security under the present system. The alarming drift to Communism is one more proof that the present order has failed.

Hence, if we are to meet radicalism successfully

we must first face a number of disagreeable facts. We must admit that Christians have been traitors to Christianity and out of that treason has come Communism. Although the Popes have diagnosed our social ills while Communism was still in the embryonic stage, their analysis won little support from a majority of their followers. The Church has lost contact with the masses in many sections of the world because she did not take her rightful place as their spokesman in the face of the intolerable conditions which ground them to earth. We have a true social program, based on a sound philosophy, but it will avail us little unless we proclaim it in a popular language that the world will understand, and demonstrate it by the practical works of charity.

If our apologetic against Communism is to be successful, it must place less emphasis on "fighting" Communism, and more on correcting the evils which produce it. A negative attack will not convince, unless the need for a remedy is admitted and a sounder program advanced. Destructive criticism of itself will never stem the tide, but a vigorous presentation of the truth will always prevail.

MEMORIZE THE SPEECH THROUGH MASTERING IT

Collegians and amateurs too often babble

ROBERT C. HARTNETT

FUTURE historians of American education may write a surprising chapter on "the cult of amnesia." Here I wish to draw attention to the prevalence of this devotion among college freshmen and sophomores, specifically as it affects their work in forensics.

The cult of amnesia is the vogue of disremembering. It is mnemonic apathy erected into a policy, a principle, and a boast. "Nothing in the world," proclaims the typical devotee, "is worse than a memorized speech." To him there is just one term expressive of all that is lifeless, dull, and mechanical in an address of any kind; it is "canned." In books on the history of education, or on methods of teaching, the phrase "learning by rote" occurs often enough. A wood-cut illustrates the process. It pictures a gaunt, pillar-like taskmaster, ferule in hand, listening to a terrorized urchin sing-song his daily

memory lesson. The date is 1840—definitely *ante-bellum* for sons of this soil. There is no getting around that argument: "learning by rote" is dead and gone, like Eli Whitney's original cotton-gin. Teachers first, and then pupils, must have picked up this notion, more by suggestion than by analysis and intelligent acceptance. As a result, all memorizing, whether highly useful or highly useless, was stigmatized as "learning by rote" and consigned to the shelves marked "History of Education."

Abandonment of an atavistic practice, however, does not constitute a cult. A cult must have life, and life needs something to feed on. The cult of amnesia seems to have burgeoned on the pap of "expressionism."

Expressionism in education has focused interest on the purely personal or subjective in writing and speaking. This egocentricity teaches students to re-

gard with the highest complacency any view or opinion or interpretation of their own, solely because it is their own, and not somebody else's. With most Catholic students the innate humility of a Christian has apparently kept this subjectivism, even where they have been open to its influences, from reaching exorbitant dimensions. But expressionism has affected them, too, to the extent that they take for granted that it is beneath the mental stature of today's youth to employ his memory in the learning process. In the end, of course, their reluctance to "learn by rote" often amounts to nothing more than an alibi for laziness. "The prevailing philosophy of education," writes Flexner, "tends to discredit hard work. Individuality must be respected. Undoubtedly. The child's creative possibilities must be allowed to unfold. Certainly. But by the time several such considerations have come into play, discipline through effort has been relegated to a very subordinate position."

How does the widespread disbelief in memory stand up under critical examination? In the province of public speaking the assumption is made that a speech cannot be learned beforehand word-for-word without necessarily resulting in a dull, mechanical, lifeless delivery. Any man of sense readily admits that in the case of fledgelings that may often be the result. But he may rightly object to the extremist assumption, as a first principle of training in speech, that careful, even word-for-word, mastery of a speech cannot but have this result, and is therefore taboo.

Such a general assumption, viewed in the light of the history of oratory, is hardly plausible. Demosthenes and Cicero, Macaulay, Canning, Webster, Sheridan, and other speakers of equal fame committed speeches to memory. Lincoln's *Cooper Union Address* bears proof on every page of the meticulous care with which it was prepared for delivery. The late Senator Albert J. Beveridge, who attained a place in the front rank of twentieth-century speakers in this country, professedly wrote and re-wrote what he intended to say. "There is no doubt," declares an authority on oratory, "that, in point of fact, almost every great orator writes passages which he commits to memory." The men whose names I have cited have shaped the course of history by their stirring pleas and denunciations and arguments, which they had previously written out word-for-word, and even memorized. Can those who wholly condemn memorization explain away these facts?

But let us turn from the platform to the stage. Here, if anywhere, is proof positive that to memorize and to be cold, unemotional, undramatic, uninspiring are by no means interchangeable terms. Actors assuredly memorize with a vengeance. Walter Hampden extemporizing Hamlet's soliloquy, or Blanche Yurka piecing together Portia's plea for justice as she goes along, would be the spectacle of the century. And do Mr. Hampden and Miss Yurka therefore lack animation, simply because they speak *memoriter*? Most certainly they do not. By infusing into the set lines of Shakespeare their own imaginative insight, with just discrimination at

every turn, they bring those masterly lines to the full bloom they had when they leaped from the mind of their creator. Great actors impregnate with fresh meaning the language they have committed to memory. They use memory intelligently, not as the slave but as the handmaid and companion of their art.

The unwisdom of a naive trust in spontaneity comes home to us in our daily experience. Especially in school debates we hear young speakers talk around the question at issue, re-hash what their "worthy colleagues" have said, and leave the argument advanced not one inch from where it stood when they arose to carry it forward. They openly despise "canned" debate speeches, but one is tempted to remind them that the contents of cans at least have shape and weight, and rest on a solid base. I am not defending the abuse of memorization which so straight-jackets a debater that he cannot bend to meet the arguments of his opponents. But the complete failure to adduce well-organized arguments at all on the specious plea that one disbelieves in "canned" speeches has not justified itself as an alternative.

College freshmen and sophomores require a sounder technique for preparing speeches and debates than the cult of amnesia has provided. For all semi-formal and formal occasions they might well follow Beveridge's advice to write, re-write, and revise their addresses. In the process of writing they should concentrate from first to last on the clarification and orderly arrangement of the ideas and evidence and convictions they are trying to express. By working over the thought-content in this way, by availing himself of every way suggested by the art of expression for making his message stand out lucidly and graphically, the young speaker will almost automatically master the speech without setting himself the task of memorizing it. By fully digesting and assimilating the thought-content he will go far toward etching into his mind the words in which he has expressed it on paper. For thought and its expression, as Newman cogently demonstrated, are as inseparable as a man and his shadow. Should the student then proceed actually to memorize his speech verbatim? Only if his personal experience has taught him, as it often does from previous failure, the wisdom of taking this further step.

My contention is that the method of preparing speeches here suggested—call it mastering rather than memorizing—cannot be blandly brushed aside by beginners. It guarantees all that you mean by form in an address, provided voice and gestures are responsive to the speaker's message. It is, I believe, the surest way for the inexperienced to acquire the fluency and confidence which are required for proficiency in extemporaneous speaking. Experience shows that the apprentice in the art of public speaking who can dispense with the help of memory from the beginning of his career is indeed a rare specimen. I for one have never met him. For that reason I am convinced that the cult of amnesia, particularly as it affects the training of college speakers, is an educational heresy.

WITH SCRIP AND STAFF

HIT THE RAIL AND READ FOR YOUR OWN GOOD

WHEN you hear of all the things that youth congresses are asking for, from government jobs at prevailing wages and five-day work weeks to termination of the army and navy industrial mobilization plans, as they did November 18 in Milwaukee, you wonder when they will be demanding what is most needed of all, competent spiritual direction. But if they ask for it, there must be people prepared to give it.

Father Edwin M. Leimkuhler, S.M., believes, from all indications, that if you wish to direct young people you must know about them. This notion received vigorous impetus from Notre Dame's president, when he was formerly spiritual director of the students of the University. The Pilgrim found it a red-letter day when he could comment on one of Father O'Hara's unique religious surveys; and I am equally interested now in noting Father Leimkuhler's experiences at the University of Dayton, conducted at Dayton, Ohio, by the Fathers of the Society of Mary.

The sources of his study, Father Leimkuhler explains, are 240 questionnaires filled out by 128 campus and 112 off-campus students on two different occasions. The student body is approximately one-third non-Catholic.

In discussing Holy Communion much attention was paid as to the actual fruit sought for by the students. The director wisely remarks:

The frequent reception of Holy Communion is the most effective means of overcoming the moral difficulties of college men and women. However, to stress the reception of Communion for this purpose alone is to deprive the student of the full understanding of Communion and to invite the danger of overstressing the moral problems and thereby set up a moral hazard.

The answers indicated a leaning toward filial piety and an attempt to make the reception of Holy Communion the very center of the student's life. At the same time, there were plenty of practical suggestions offered by the students as to how promote the reception of the Sacrament. "Keep urging reception," says one. "They'll come across. They're a good bunch at heart." Another practically-minded individual recommends relative to going to Communion on the day of an athletic contest: "Impress the slogan: 'Hit the rail with the team.'"

Mental prayer enjoys more popularity than one might expect. Its practice is frequently mentioned when the students describe how they spend their time in preparation for and thanksgiving after Communion and in visits to the Blessed Sacrament.

The Pilgrim is a little puzzled why in the list

there are no questions specifically on what the Mass or the sacred liturgy mean to the students. Yet the key to the understanding of Holy Communion and to making the Sacrament a part of one's working life is found in the Sacrament's relation to the Sacrifice.

They are quite definite as to the qualifications of a future wife. That she should be a good Catholic is the vote of 51; purity is the choice of 22, and honesty of 7. Good character, intelligence, and beauty share the honors with 5. Love of home and family, 4; faithful, 3; and good cook, 3, complete the vote for first choice. Of personal ideals, honesty comes first, leading heavily with 70 votes; purity, 14; and sincerity, obedience, and all the rest of them tagging behind. Wise choice; though some cynic might infer that there must be good delicatessen stores in Dayton.

The only result of the survey that needs no explanation is the fact that AMERICA was the students' literary selection out of Catholic periodicals during 1935-36. Let us then listen to *vox populi*, fickle maid.

"The articles are exceptionally good and instructive and also interesting." "Why pass out AMERICA?" "Satisfactory in every way. Strictly moral and yet interesting." "Very good reading—modern and up to date. I am well satisfied with AMERICA." "Shows the most important affairs of the day in a good timely way." "I really didn't know that the Catholic press is as strong as it is." "Great inspiration and good literature." "Students as a rule do not care for AMERICA. It is extremely dry and uninteresting. It has some good articles." "Very good. AMERICA has very good articles and principles, although in some cases they do carry things too far." "Not so active as the high-school I came from." "AMERICA is superior to any other magazine. The best article is the 'Parade of Events.'" "Timely articles, very interesting, and right up to the minute." "Only a lukewarm respect for AMERICA. I would prefer *Commonweal*." "The funniest papers ever gotten up for college students. We need Catholic papers with something that is not on Mexico for a change." "Very favorable, because most of the students read the Catholic literature at their disposal." "Unfortunately, I have only a passive interest." "I think everyone should read these magazines." "I am interested in all Catholic Action. I feel that AMERICA not only keeps me in touch with the Catholic, but social and political thought as well." "More of it."

I infer: 1. Catholic young men want real, informative reading matter: 2. they want it in a live, up-to-date style. Whether and which of our Catholic periodicals succeed in this task is a matter of individual preference. But it is what we all need to aim at.

THE PILGRIM

THE OLD DEMON

FIFTEEN years ago, Federal Prohibition was in its first flush of victory. Not until several years later, it is true, did a benevolent Federal Government dose whiskey with poison, and turns its agents loose on the old Demon Rum, everyone armed with a machine gun. Still, even in 1921, Prohibition could muster a fair showing of crime.

With the rise of Prohibition, the country witnessed the growth of a new school of historians and moralists. The historians taught that the Eighteenth Amendment was a departure from American principles in government and, in many respects, a denial of them. In another field, the moralists showed much skill in defending the thesis that it is impossible to make men virtuous by act of the legislature, even when this legislation is supported by the late Wayne Wheeler, the Anti-Saloon League, and the missionary bishop of Senegambia, then, and now, usually resident in the United States. The arguments were impressive, although at times one felt some suspicion of the arguers. These were, mostly, gentlemen connected with the trade in alcoholic beverages.

Now that Prohibition has been repealed, some who vigorously opposed the Eighteenth Amendment have fallen into the very errors which the old-time Prohibitionists and the brewers supported. Protesting that man cannot be made virtuous by legislation, they seem to assume that he can be made virtuous by the simple repeal of legislation. The Prohibitionist promised a new heaven and a new earth in exchange for the Eighteenth Amendment. Some of his opponents seemed to think that the repeal of the Amendment would automatically make all Americans temperate in the use of alcoholic drinks. The new assumption, like the old, is false. Three years ago, this Review protested that instead of ending the age-old problems of the traffic in alcohol, the repeal of the Amendment would probably create new problems. In every nation, the proper control of the traffic has been hedged with difficulties that have never been adequately met. It did not seem to us that the United States would form the sole exception.

Some States, New York among them, have taken the task of control seriously. While we are not prepared to accept the judgment of a meeting in New York some weeks ago (at which the chairman was the president of the Retail Wine and Liquor Guild, Inc.) that the present State liquor law is "a model to the whole country," we admit that it is an intelligent attempt at regulation. The most important conclusion reached at this meeting is found in the statement that only extreme vigilance by the Governor and other officials, "have prevented the emasculation of this law."

In other words, some in the trade have not yet learned their lesson. Taking the run of the mill, capitalists and liquor manufacturers alike seem devoid of ordinary intelligence. The liquor dealer's best protection is a strict legislation rigorously enforced. That is best, too, for the country.

EDITOR

CONGRESS AND CATHOLICS

UNDER the decision of the Supreme Court in the Louisiana textbook case, a distinction must be made between a Catholic school and the child in a Catholic school. The child may be made the beneficiary of public funds, but the school may not, as long as the support of such school is forbidden by the State Constitution. The Federal Constitution imposes no such bar on Congress. Therefore, when Congress appropriates for education in the States, it can include Catholic schools as beneficiaries. Should we ask that this be done? Would the harm outweigh the benefits? Read the editorial below.

FEDERAL SUBSIDIES FOR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

WITHIN the next few years, we may look for much social legislation both in the State capitals and at Washington. Some of this legislation will affect, at least indirectly, private institutions such as schools, hospitals, orphanages, and homes for old people. As Catholics, we have nothing to fear from an investigation, provided that reasonable standards are honestly applied. Our institutions will take high rank. Some readjustment may be necessary to conform to new standards, but we need not assume that any heavy burden will be laid, at least by Congress.

The situation which will be created by the legislation which we have in mind is of quite another nature. Many of these laws will authorize appropriations, to be distributed in the States by Federal agents. Should the Catholic institutions conducted under religious auspices demand a share of this Federal money? Or should it refuse to take any Federal money?

Let it be noted at the outset, that Congress is not bound by the limitations against grants to institutions conducted under religious auspices found in most of the State Constitutions. Should it so desire, Congress could amend the Harrison Federal education bill to include Catholic and other religious schools. The question, then, does not refer to the authority of Congress, for that is undoubted. It refers, rather, to the wisdom and propriety of accepting Federal funds to aid our institutions, particularly our elementary schools.

In the opinion of this Review, and, we be-

WHO REPRESENTS LABOR?

SOMEHOW the numerous charges and counter-charges, appeals and proclamations, which come regularly from Florida where the American Federation of Labor is in session remind us of the Three Tailors of Tooley Street. Messrs. Green and Lewis taken together represent only a small minority of American wage-earners, and within the last few weeks we have been tending to the conclusion that neither represents anyone but himself and his own selfish interests. We regret the poor leadership from which the Federation has suffered for many years. Must organized labor go forever leaderless?

FOR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

lieve, of most Catholics, as well as of a large body of non-Catholic educators, the intrusion of the Federal Government into the schools of the States is a dangerous and expensive piece of folly. What the Federal Government subsidizes, the Federal Government controls. To the host of local politicians who prey upon public-school funds, Federal aid would add swarms of politicians from Washington. The effect upon the schools would be, in our opinion, disastrous.

But this is the era of centralization of power in Washington. We deplore the fact, but we cannot deny it. In all probability the next Congress will authorize grants to the local schools, as the first step to the creation of a Department of Education. Should Congress limit these grants to the public schools, we believe that the Act would be held unconstitutional, on the ground that it discriminates against a group of citizens because of their religious belief.

But if we ask for our share, and take it, the Federal inspector will be one of the new figures in our schools. He might, or he might not, make the teaching of religion difficult, not directly, but by imposing incompatible conditions. He might, for instance, draw up a noisome sex-instruction program and demand we teach it.

On the other hand, our schools are now obliged to meet all State programs and requirements. Would Federal control be worse? Might it not be lighter?

Until our Bishops speak, these are open questions. What do our readers think?

WE NEVER MENTION GOD

NOT long ago, a Catholic priest well known in the world of letters, was invited to "drop in and say a few words" to a public-school assembly. On the way to the auditorium, the official in charge of the assembly reminded him that he was not to speak of God. It wasn't done, and a violation of the rule would be embarrassing. "Embarrassing to you personally?" queried the priest. "No, not to me, but you know that in this school we are not supposed to say anything about God."

Relieved from the fear of consequences to a lady who, in a sense, was his hostess, the priest ascended the platform with his subject well in hand. For the next ten minutes, he spoke to a thousand boys and girls on the goodness of God our Father, particularly as His infinite love was manifested in the Incarnation of Our Lord Jesus Christ. The pupils who, on his entrance, had been singing a thoroughly non-sectarian ditty, "The policeman's lot is not a happy one," listened with interest and appreciation, but the principal of the school did not. Later he expressed himself with energy, not on the impropriety of a clergyman addressing the children, but on the shocking impropriety of any praise of God in a public school.

We note this incident with deep grief. We have long known that in the schools of this country, supported at public expense, Almighty God is an alien. In these schools God has a smaller part than He had in the schools of ancient pagandom, for in many of these pre-Christian institutions, the pupils were taught much about Almighty God as He was known by the light of natural reason. But nineteen centuries after Christ died for us on Calvary, the children for whom He gave all, may not so much as hear His Name in the school, or the Name of His and their Heavenly Father. Can the blessing of God keep a country which so flagrantly rejects Him, and which, through its schools, endeavors to keep Him out of the mind and the heart of the child? Can a nation constituted of citizens who have never been taught to know His law and to observe it, be long maintained as a source of benefit to its citizens and to the world?

There was a time when ours was a Christian nation, in fact as well as in its political roots. In those days, our respect for religion, and our conviction that religion must be taught in the schools, made itself felt in the counsels of our leaders and in our legislation. When on July 13, 1787, the Congress of the Confederation adopted the famous "Ordinance for the government of the territory of the United States northwest of the river Ohio," provision was made for public schools in which the pupils were to be instructed in religion and in their duties to Almighty God. "Religion, morality, and knowledge, being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind," we read in the third Article, "schools and the means of education shall be forever encouraged." As the agency for the inculcation of religion and morality, the Fathers did not single out the churches. They assumed,

as did every sane man of their generation, that the school was a normal means of imparting religious instruction.

Precisely the same doctrine is found in Washington's Farewell Address (September 17, 1796). Religion and morality, wrote Washington, are "the indispensable supports of political prosperity," "the great pillars of human happiness," "the firmest props of the duties of men and citizens." After instancing special cases, Washington proceeds: "And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. . . . Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle. . . . *Promote, then, as an object of primary importance institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge.*" Again, we have the plain assumption by the greatest of our patriots that the school is an institution in which religion and morality will be taught.

Today, as for nearly a century, nine of every ten American children are in schools from which Jesus Christ would be turned away were He to ask admission to preach His Gospel. Nine of every ten children are in schools in which His Name may not, legally, be mentioned. Nine of every ten are being trained by an educational system which necessarily implants in their tender minds the belief that religion is of little or no importance in life.

Is this system Christian? Is it American? Plainly and undeniably the public-school system is out of harmony not only with the principles of the Gospel, but with the political principles which are most precious in American life. Nineteen centuries after the birth of Our Lord, we face in this country educational conditions that are simply shocking.

But let us not waste our time in angry emotion.

Is your child in a school in which the Name of God may not be mentioned? What are we doing to save those children, Catholic and non-Catholic, in the public schools whose opportunities for a religious education are smaller than those of savages in the jungle?

These are questions on which we may well ponder as the birth of Christ draws near.

TAX CONSCIOUS

LAST year, the States collected about \$1,049,900,000 in taxes on estates, personal and corporation incomes, gasoline, liquor, tobacco. Gleaning in the same field, the Federal Government was no Ruth amid the corn, for it collected \$2,271,400,000. The Federal Government has no general sales tax, common to most of the States, and no tax on the registration of motor vehicles. With these exceptions, the Federal Government and the States go to the same sources for their income.

Either new sources must be found, or the costs of government must be scaled down. Some reduction in costs may be made through the plan to consolidate Federal bureaus which Senator Byrd, of Virginia, is preparing, but this reduction cannot be great. Since the administrative costs of the Fed-

eral Government will probably show a steady increase for years to come, about all that consolidation of departments can do is to keep the increase at a minimum.

In the end, the citizen will pay the bill. He will pay it, even though he never files a tax return, or sees the inside of a tax-collector's office. The bill is paid by the citizen in the higher cost of living. There is no escape from this difficulty. If the ultimate consumer does not pay, the bill is never paid. Only a tax-conscious people can keep the bill within reasonable limits.

JOY AND PEACE

FOR the Third Sunday of Advent, the Church gives us one of the most beautiful and consoling Masses of the year. On the first and second Sundays, our minds were directed to thoughts that were somber yet salutary. Tomorrow, like a wise and gentle mother who knows that a smile of kindness can properly follow a warning to her children, the Church asks us to meditate on the joy and happiness we shall experience with the coming of the Saviour.

Both the Introit and the Lesson are taken from the fourth chapter of the Epistle to the Philippians. St. Paul returns here to a counsel that probably reveals his own interior life when he bids us rejoice in the Lord always, and to give thanks for His many blessings. The Apostle knew—and none better—that life on earth is beset with many cares, but he also knew that we can lift ourselves above them by turning our minds to God. The Lord is nigh; therefore put aside your cares and your great solicitude, he writes, and raise your hearts to Him in thanksgiving and in supplication. The result of this turning to God, he expresses in a touchingly beautiful prayer: "And the peace of God, which surpasseth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus, our Lord."

The words of the great Apostle are so clear, so human, so consoling, that comment must seem an intrusion upon the thoughts which they awaken in us. To some of us, perhaps, they come as a personal message, and we almost see the Apostle at our side, speaking to us. In the past, we have had many cares and anxieties. Very often, there was no one to whom we could turn for consolation or even for counsel. We knew that friends could not help us, for in our burden was a grief that could not be spoken, a sorrow so deep that we could not express its bitterness in words. Blessed were we that we turned to God in those dark moments, and not to sin which promised assuagement. We know, experimentally, that then He gave us peace, but we forget when a new burden is laid upon us. We think that never have we suffered so deeply, that what we are suffering is something really new in poignancy.

These are the moments to remember the Apostle's words to the Philippians: "The Lord is nigh; be nothing solicitous." He is nigh! He keeps us not under the shadow of some great Archangel, but in His very hand that no harm may come to us.

CHRONICLE

PRESIDENT IN SOUTH AMERICA. On November 27, the Indianapolis entered Brazilian waters, President Roosevelt was welcomed to Rio de Janeiro by President Getulio Vargas, Government officials, and 300,000 people lining the streets. Brazil made it a most festive occasion, the newspapers leading with special Roosevelt editions. For the first time in history, an American President addressed the Brazilian Congress. . . . "There is no American conflict—and I weigh my words when I say this—there is no American conflict that cannot be settled by orderly and peaceful means," said President Roosevelt. "It is in our common interest imperative that they be settled always by agreement and not by bloodshed." He assured Brazil that "solidarity among the American States in the cause of peace constitutes no threats to other regions or races." . . . On November 30, the Indianapolis was sighted by the Argentine fleet and escorted to Buenos Aires. President Agustin P. Justo, his official family, and delegates to the Peace Conference waited on the dock for the President to disembark. Before Mr. Roosevelt could deliver his Spanish greetings, President Justo heartily hugged him. The city then saw President Roosevelt and gave him the greatest of ovations, and the most jubilant. . . . Opening on December 1 the Inter-American Conference for the Maintenance of Peace, President Justo declared that the proposals for peace in the Americas had international implications. Still, the union of American States carried with it no intention of creating antagonistic continental groups. President Roosevelt delivered the keynote address of the Conference. While not mentioning the Monroe Doctrine, he spoke of the American nations standing shoulder to shoulder against any aggressor. He declared it to be the duty of all the American republics to prevent any future war between themselves, and to remove, further, the conditions that lead to war. He expressed the faith of the Western World in the principles of democracy, concluding with an declaration of the need "to affirm our faith in God."

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LABOR CONFERENCE. After two weeks session, the American Federation of Labor concluded its deliberations. For the thirteenth term, William Green was elected President. He belongs to the United Mine Workers, a union suspended because of affiliation with the Lewis group, the Committee for Industrial Organization. The chief objective was declared to be Federal legislation proposing a thirty-hour week, six hours on five days. The purpose of this was to master unemployment. The other demands for labor and social legislation through amendment to the Constitution were set aside, as was the demand for placing a curb on the Supreme Court. Mr. Green, however, expressed the hope of

an extension of the Federal Social Security Act, with constitutional amendments, as necessary. The Executive Council of the A. F. of L. was granted power to lift the suspension on the C. I. O. Officers, however, refused to exercise power unless the Lewis unions agree to confer, without commitments and stipulations.

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ADVENT IN MADRID. Following a week of heavy rains, the first Sunday of Advent broke bright and sunny over Madrid. Observers standing on rooftops could see no throngs rushing to Sunday Mass. They could hear no church bells. Only the crackle of machine guns, the bursting of bombs, the thud of heavy shells. . . . They could see the Insurgent and Leftist lines in and around the beleaguered city, charging and countercharging. The sky above clouded with planes, spitting fire. . . . A Red shake-up brought Enrique Garcia to head the defense junta in place of Gen. Jose Mije. Gen. Emilio Kleber, naturalized Canadian leader of the 11th Red International Brigade, took over defense of Madrid's northern sector. . . . The Insurgents appeared strongly entrenched in University City, their tanks making sorties deeper into the city, strafing enemy barricades and pill boxes, returning to the University City lines. . . . Thousands of Russians and Frenchmen were fighting with the Madrid Leftists. . . . The London Foreign Office received reports that 5,000 Germans had landed in Cadiz to aid the Insurgents. "It is already an international war," a British Parliament member declared. . . . Leftist diversions aimed at Oviedo and the Insurgent capital at Burgos were reported. A Leftist attack on Talevera de la Reina was repulsed. . . . The London International Non-Intervention Committee requested both sides in the civil war to permit investigation of reported foreign assistance. . . . A plot formed by the Catalan Separatist Party to assassinate members of the Catalan Government was announced. . . . The Madrid Government demanded, under Article XI of the League Covenant, a special meeting of the League Council to discuss the German and Italian recognition of Franco.

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CRISIS IN ENGLAND. A call for an emergency Cabinet meeting was sent out. Ministers hurried into London from all parts of the country. Premier Stanley Baldwin went over to Buckingham Palace, spoke one hour with King Edward VIII. Informed political circles declared Baldwin delivered an ultimatum. King Edward must not marry Mrs. Wallis Simpson, Baltimore-born friend. If he does the Cabinet will force him to abdicate, place his brother, the Duke of York, upon the throne. Thus revealed observers usually well-informed. . . . The

press threw off its self-imposed censorship, addressed thinly veiled warnings to the King. All England was discussing the private life of its King as it has not done since the days of Charles II. The London *Times* hinted a Council of State might be in the offing, to take over the King's duties. . . . Right Rev. A. F. Blunt, Bishop of Bradford, said: "I hope the King is aware of his need of God's grace. Some of us wish he gave more positive signs of such awareness." Even the Opposition in the Commons is said to stand by Baldwin; hesitated about taking over the Government should Baldwin resign (Dislike of divorce is strong among members of the Labor Party. A twice-divorced Queen would be resented). . . . With Parliament, press, Church arrayed against him, England waited to see if the King would yield. Lloyds refused to accept any more insurance on the coronation. The stock market nose-dived.

EDEN TELLS GERMANY. German Ambassador to London, Joachim von Ribbentrop, has been telling Adolf Hitler that England would not fight Germany under any circumstances. Public opinion would not allow it. Eden's warning was a bluff. The Marquess of Londonderry and other Hitler admirers have been filling Ribbentrop with this information. . . . Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden decided Hitler should know the truth. Standing up at a London banquet, Eden declared: "Belgium can count on our help if the victim of unprovoked aggression. I say these words deliberately because I am confident they represent the will of the British people and that to make it plain is a contribution to peace." . . . He did not want Hitler to make the same mistake about England the Kaiser made in 1914. . . . Plans for storing food reserves to keep Britain supplied in case of war got under way. Idle coal mines are being considered as the likeliest places for the food caches. . . . The British House of Lords, by a vote of 35 to 14, voted down the bill permitting doctors to murder incurable patients.

CRITICS OUT. No more criticism of drama, films, literature, painting, sculpture, other forms of art in Germany, Dr. Goebbels decreed. No praise. No blame. No opinions. Just description. . . . Goebbels' organ, the *Angriff*, and the organ of the Hitler Special Guards, the *Black Corps*, ridiculed a Leipzig ordinance requiring orphans to be raised Christians. Interior Minister Frick forbade use of the terms *Catholic* and *Protestant* in documents indicating a citizen's religion. In future members of Nordic pagan associations and members of Christian churches will be put under one heading: "Members of a religious society." . . . Gen. Hermann Goering gave forth a derisive attack on priests. . . . Lawrence B. Simpson, American seaman, sentenced to three years last September for distributing Communist literature would be released five days before Christmas. American consular authorities secured this concession. . . . New decrees came from Gen. Goering: Death penalty for smuggling money and other property abroad. All boys and girls must join

Nazi youth organizations. (These are thoroughly anti-Christian, raise young pagans.) No price increases in goods or services. A new law empowers the Government to seize and administer the fortune and property of any citizens suspected of an intention of going abroad permanently.

FIST OF RUSSIA. Before the Congress of Soviets strode prominent Bolsheviks. They shook their fists, shouted out at Europe. . . . Lubchenko roared: "Just as a pig can never look at the sky, so Hitler will never be able to see our cabbage patch (Ukraine)." . . . Foreign Commissar Litvinov: "The agreement between Japan and Germany is a military alliance against Russia." . . . General Khripin: "During the whole World War Germany dumped on France and Russia 27,000 tons of bombs. Today this amount could be transported in five raids. Germany today has between 6,000 and 7,000 war planes. Soviet Russia has the largest air fleet in the world." . . . Russia completed the new 2,000-mile railway across Siberia to Komsomolsk, new industrial city, 125 miles north of the Manchukuoan border.

BLUM ON FORCE. France has the strongest military force in Europe outside of Russia, Premier Blum declared. . . . The General Confederation of Employers refused to agree to the Blum plan for arbitrating industrial disputes. Employers maintained they cannot sanction a state of affairs in which strikers seize and occupy factories in the face of Premier Blum's promise to stop this widespread practice. . . . The "mystery man of Europe" Sir Basil Zaharoff, visiting Monte Carlo, suddenly staggered, fell into the arms of his valet and died. He was eighty-six years old. Born 1850, from a poor boy in a suburb of Constantinople, he became one of Europe's most colorful, wealthiest figures. . . . International munitions maker and salesman, his name was linked with major wars and South American revolts. He was courted, decorated, obeyed by powerful governments. His profits in the World War were said to be enormous.

FOOTNOTES. A plot against the Metaxas military dictatorship in Athens, was nipped in the bud. . . . Reports of an early break in Chino-Japanese diplomatic relations persisted. . . . Japan formally recognized the Italian conquest of Ethiopia. . . . Albania recognized the Government of General Franco. . . . Poland continued strengthening her alliance with Rumania. . . . The appeal of the Spanish Government to the League Council was thought to be a move to prevent England and France from according belligerent rights to the Insurgents. . . . Socialists are stronger than ever on the League Council. Of the fourteen countries represented, five have either Red Governments or premiers—Russia, France, Spain, Sweden and New Zealand. . . . A special meeting of the League Council to take up the Spanish demand was set for December 10.

CORRESPONDENCE

LEAKAGE CURE

EDITOR: The parish statistics from a Worried Pastor (AMERICA, November 14) were startling. But there is functioning a society to stop parish leakages. This society has been established in many cities of the U. S. A. It is called the Legion of Mary.

"There is no limit to the apostolate of the Legion," said a recent speaker.

Its members engage in any work for the good of the parish. For example, the Pastor might call upon the Legion to take a census, after which Legionnaires make follow-up calls. . . . By house to house visitation, converts may be made of people who needed only a word of encouragement; belated Baptisms may be cared for; instructions for first Communion and Confirmation may be arranged; children attending public schools may be transferred to parish schools; invalid marriages may be rectified; drifting Catholics anchored by a return to the Sacraments.

In 1935 the Legion of Mary was established in the parish of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Brooklyn. It accomplished the following apostolic work during 1935:

Brought to Confession after years of absence...	114
Brought to regular attendance at Sunday Mass	136
First Communions	23
Baptisms	12
Converts	4
Joined Parish Societies.....	127
Marriages revalidated.....	5
Families visited.....	1359
Revisits made.....	1831

For further and more complete information, cf. *American Ecclesiastical Review*, March 1932.

Paterson, N. J. LEANDER HARTDEGEN, O.F.M.

LEAKAGE WORRY

EDITOR: Six years ago there appeared in one of our monthly Catholic periodicals a summary of the spiritual and temporal status of a certain parish. The writer (who signed the name Perplexus) was anxious to know how that status compared with the status of similar parishes.

He had just completed a census. He tells us that this census had been taken repeatedly, that he and his curate had made a very energetic effort to keep in touch with the parishioners.

The people of his parish all speak English. As a result of his contact he gathered figures which to him are simply staggering.

The figures in brief are the following: The total number of persons enumerated was 2,805. In this number were comprised 521 families.

Out of the total of 521 families there were found 116 mixed marriages. In other words 20 per cent of the families in that parish were mixed marriages.

There were 42 invalid marriages, which means

that 8 per cent of the families in the parish were living in invalid wedlock.

The parish had 648 children. One third, or 216, were under six years of age.

The parish is provided with a first-rate Catholic school and a high school. Yet only 57 per cent of the children of school age actually attended Catholic schools of any kind. In other words, in spite of all the educational facilities, more than 21 per cent of the children were in public grade schools and more than 21 per cent of them in public high schools.

But the most surprising thing to this pastor was the revelation of the number of hidden and unsuspected Catholics within the limits of his parish. Out of the 2,055 enumerated in the census, 910 were absolutely unknown to the pastor and to the curate. That means that 44 per cent of the parishioners were unknown in spite of every effort to keep in touch with every one in the parish.

Perplexus tells us that he had discussed these figures with many priests. Some challenged their accuracy; some declared that the parish needed reformation in head and members, beginning with the pastor.

I was anxious at the time to hear more comment on the figures, as I was making a similar census of a parish, the result of which surprised my bishop. Except for the percentage of children attending our parish school, which was a little better proportionately than that of Perplexus, my census did not differ very much from his in other lines.

I watched carefully for the following issues of the periodical, hoping to find more discussion on the matter—especially as Perplexus had invited it from pastors of other parishes.

The following month this periodical printed a statement from a pastor who signed himself Dubius. He stated that his parish, containing 604 families, did not differ much from that of Perplexus in enough particulars to be of any value. The rest of his commentary was a personal theory of how to handle the mixed-marriage situation.

Impressed by the statistics of Perplexus and of Dubius, a certain Monsignor, who signed himself Nesciens, assured us the next month that an annual census had been taken up in his parish, but that it was always left lying dead and buried in the census cards and that it never occurred to him to work out the results in percentages. So he started in with the invalid marriages. "I was under the impression that I had about a dozen," says the Monsignor; "but when I began carefully to scrutinize the census data, I was astounded to learn there were 53 cases. . . . After a quarter of a century I am beginning to get acquainted with my congregation."

Four years later Perplexus appears again in the same periodical. In an article entitled *Revelations*

of a *Parish Census* he deals more exclusively with the subject of mixed marriages of his parish. Since he wrote the startling figures of six years previous, he had now validated 153 marriages—in which there were 486 persons brought back to the Church. He indicates that the whole marriage question had been given the most careful attention, and most persistent efforts had been made to discourage mixed marriages and to validate them, if they had been contracted outside the Church.

In other words, since in all human probability we will always have mixed marriages, the sanest thing to do is to put them under the protection of the Church and surround them with supernatural cautions and helps—and there will be far less leakage than if we let Catholics contract invalid mixed marriages.

But alas and alack! Perplexus reveals that since 1933 his incomplete census shows the sad fact that he was making little or no headway in preventing mixed marriages or eliminating invalid marriages. Whereas he tabulated 42 invalid marriages in 1910, he tabulates 61 in 1933. In his former census only 8 per cent of total marriages were invalid; whereas the present figures show a jump of 12½ per cent of all marriages being invalid. This is an increase of over 50 per cent.

"Hence I would like to see before I die," exclaims Perplexus,

some smart person working for a degree in the social sciences do some intensive research work and gather accurate and detailed statistics to learn the answers to some other interesting questions such as the following:

How many persons involved in invalid marriages were educated in Catholic grade schools, in Catholic high schools, in Catholic colleges, in public-school grades, in secular colleges?

How many were the children of previous mixed or invalid marriages? How many consulted a priest before contracting an invalid marriage? How many had a previous invalid marriage annulled by the ecclesiastical court?

Recently my eyes fell on an article (*AMERICA*, November 14) written by a Worried Pastor and bearing on the same old subject of a parish census—with statistics of a house-to-house canvass corroborating the figures of Perplexus, not encouraging to Dubius, rather startling for Nesciens, and quite staggering to Worried Pastor.

Besides statistics, which former pastors had given concerning mixed and invalid marriages, this Worried Pastor gives the appalling account that 11 per cent of all persons in his parish are missing Mass on Sundays and that 9 per cent fail to receive Easter Communion.

I know personally what details and inconveniences these parish surveys entail and how discouraging it must be to a pastor and his curates to end a canvass with the revelation of such figures. I know also that their publication of these statistics was not so much to reveal conditions as the desire to hear from fellow pastors whether similar conditions existed in *their* parishes, with the purpose of concerted action and of advice on how they had met the situation.

The question is whether there is a leakage in the Catholic population of our parishes. The increase

and gradual growth of our Catholic population has generally been attributed to three causes—namely, the natural increase of families, conversions, and immigration.

Similarly, if that increase was not maintained, it was generally attributed to three other reverse causes—namely, the lack of priests in certain districts, our public-school system, and mixed marriages. Our parishes in greater part are pretty well organized in this country. We are supplied with sufficient clergy and parish schools. We ought not experience a decrease in our Catholic population from these sources.

Then can it be that a decrease or leakage is due to the multiplying number of mixed marriages? Are we all agreeing on how to handle them? I believe not. And still we are faced with the perplexity, the doubtfulness, the uncautiousness, and the worry of what to do and how to do it.

Spokane, Wash.

A. J. COUDEYRE, S.J.

APPEAL

EDITOR: This Christmas the Marquette League for Catholic Indian missions, with offices at 105 East 22nd Street, New York City, makes its appeal in response to the very touching and urgent request of America's great home mission Bishop, the Most Reverend Francis C. Kelley, Bishop of Oklahoma City and Tulsa. Bishop Kelley writes:

"I come to you this Christmas as a beggar. . . . I must appeal for all my mission schools, since all of them are in the same predicament, namely, imminent danger of closing.

"Help for Indian Missions was never so needed as now. If the schools close, I am afraid it is either a case of the Indian clinging to Christ or returning to paganism. . . . Great as the problem is, mine is the responsibility to face it and solve it. These schools, five in number, must not close, and I am pleading with you, our friends, to assist me at this critical time.

"Christmas is a good time to remind those who are blessed by belonging to the one Fold that its one Shepherd loves His red sheep as well as His white ones."

Bishop Kelley needs no recommendation to American Catholics. They will remember him as the founder and first president of the great Catholic Church Extension Society, for home white Missions. He did a work for the Church in this country, through *Extension*, that is unforgettable.

I am sure that all the friends of our Indian missions will want to give something, be it ever so small, in response to Bishop Kelley's appeal for not one but all of his Indian mission schools. What a pity it would be were the only worth-while Catholic influence—the mission schools—to disappear in Oklahoma, the State where one third of all the Indians in the country live.

For the sake of the Faith of these innocent Indian children, and in the name of the Christ Child, give what you can in response to good Bishop Kelley's appeal.

New York MSGR. WILLIAM J. FLYNN, P.A.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

THEY USED TO BEGIN WITH ONCE UPON A TIME

ALBERT I. WHELAN, S.J.

BECAUSE we said nothing in our Book Survey Supplement last week (we hope you enjoyed it and found in it some worthwhile suggestions) about children's books, we want you to know that we have not forgotten the younger members of the household, nor the children of the younger households of the family ensemble, nor the little orphans, nor the hospital waifs you may know. There is a very attractive literature for those under the lucky age of thirteen. Selecting something in books for these young people, we realize, is just as difficult a task as selecting the proper and satisfying book for yourself and your grown-up friends. Just how we can begin to tell you about all the wonderful children's books that have appeared this year is more than we can imagine. There are books of biography, history, adventure, folklore, art, and any number of just plain wholesome stories that will make most acceptable reading.

Perhaps our problem of telling about the best books for children, and your problem about selecting them, may be most easily solved by introducing you—if you have not already met—to Miss Mary Kiely. Last year, with the cooperation of Father Downey, she inaugurated a new era for Catholic children and their reading by beginning the Pro Parvulis Book Club. A recent circular states that "Pro Parvulis is a national book club for discriminating parents and teachers who wish their children to have culture, tradition, the best literature, and a love of good books." Thoughtful parents realize the importance of careful, dependable direction of their children's reading. And here is where Pro Parvulis performs a truly great service. Every two months for the small sum of ten dollars a year the Club sends to three age-groups of children "the three most distinguished and interesting books that have been published" during that period. We know of no better books for children, for every choice has been approved by experts in child direction and training. We should like to suggest that parents get in touch with the Pro Parvulis Book Club by writing to 74 Beaufort Street, Providence, R. I. Miss Kiely, the Executive Secretary, will send you the *Herald* published by the Club and we promise that

you will be making no mistake on your part.

We feel that we must begin—for a beginning has to be made somewhere—with two books that were on the Pro Parvulis list for October. *The Mill in the Woods* (Appleton-Century), by William Heyliger, is a book boys must not overlook. Rex Cody is a character to be reckoned with, where young people look for courage, honesty, determination and high ideals from their hero. You may be sure Junior will not put it down until the fast moving tale has been told. And girls cannot afford to miss—unless they want to miss a "perfect book"—*Rocking Chair Ranch* (Houghton, Mifflin), by Lenora Mattingly Weber. The author makes us live familiarly with the Haydens on the western range ranch. There is Bendy, and Ben, and old Mary-Martha, and then that stormy night when Skipper-Ann—and she is the best of them all—was so sick, and the time that the mortgages became due.

We grown-ups remember how as children we looked forward to Christmas time with the host of wonderful books that were sure to be at the base of the tree. None was so attractive and none so welcome for the touch of human interest, sympathy, understanding and unselfishness as the ever-new books of Louisa Alcott. How we enjoyed sitting about the big fireplace and listening to the refreshing chapters of *Little Women*, *Little Men*, *Jo's Boys* or *An Old-Fashioned Girl*! No nursery was complete without them.

Nor have we outgrown these stories. Very happily, then, May Lamberton Becker gives us a book entitled *Louisa Alcott's People* (Scribner's) which has a choice selection of chapters from the four Alcott books mentioned above and adds selections from *Eight Cousins* and *Jack and Jill*. We cannot imagine a more delightful Christmas present for a young girl. The book is beautifully edited and the illustrations by Thomas Fogarty form a very apt complement. It will be an inducement for young people to read each one of these stories in its entirety.

Among the offerings from Longmans, Green this year, we find a remarkably good selection for young people in the early teens. *Come Summer*, by

Virginia McCarty Bare, tells a very human, at times thrilling, story of the efforts of Denise and Christopher Owen to make a real home for their younger sister and brothers on a New Hampshire farm. Girls will enjoy reading *Footprints in the Dust*, by Alice Cooper Bailey, a writer the youngsters will remember as the author of *Kimo*. *The Gay Chariot*, by Edith Bishop Sherman, where the chariot is an old Ford and Gay is the family name, reads like one of the old covered-wagon stories of which we used all to be so fond. For those who have a fancy for fairy tales or folklore, *The Unicorn with Silver Shoes* and *The Wonder-Smith and His Son*, by Ella Young, will be entertaining as well as fascinating. Then again, some of our young friends may be interested in gardening and Alfred Bates comes to our aid with *The Gardener's First Year*. *Blue Nets and Red Sails*, by Helen B. Preston and Margaret Temple Braley, will appeal to boys of eight to ten. And for boys who like adventure, *On the Golden Trail*, by Hildegard Hawthorne, will grip them with the experiences and hardships of Seth Hosmer in quest of his long-lost father among the California mining camps.

Fr. Nell Boyton, S.J., is well known to young boys, who will not easily forget *Cobra Island*, *On the Sands of Coney* and a host of others. *Mangled Hands*, which told the story of the martyrdom of St. Isaac Jogues, has a companion volume late from the press entitled *Redrobes* (Benziger), which tells of the adventures of a French boy, Jacques Bourdon, as interpreter and friend of another American martyr, Saint John de Brébeuf. It is a book with which every Catholic boy and girl should become acquainted.

Roller Skates (Viking Press), by Ruther Sawyer is a story that is attracting much attention this year. The book is real with a touch of genuineness about it, so that even if one had not read the introduction, it would not be hard to guess that Lucinda had been culled from the pages of the author's own diary. Carol Ryrie Brink, who won the Newberry Medal for her *Caddie Woodlawn*—and we recommend it, too—gives us another very readable story in *Mademoiselle Misfortune* (Macmillan), though the plot despite its touch of mystery and the happy conclusion does seem a little artificial. Young readers will love her heroine Alice Moreau. The mere mention of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police invariably speaks of tales of exciting adventure, and again Laurie York Erskine gives us *Renfrew in the Valley of Vanished Men* (Appleton-Century). Usually Inspector Renfrew takes all the glory, but this time he is assisted by two young Mounties. They always get their man, and we shall let the author tell you how.

Cornelia Meigs contributes a delightful little book with the Vermont Green Mountains as its setting. Little Constance in *The Covered Bridge* (Macmillan) spends an eventful winter there in a happy, busy way with plenty of fun, plenty to learn and plenty of ways to help. *Drums in the Forest* (Macmillan), by Allen Dwight, is an historical story, alive with drama, and with Canada, New York and the West as a setting. It is full of exciting thrills

and gives an accurate picture of frontier life. And here comes more history, for the historical background of *The Codfish Musket* (Doubleday, Doran), by Agnes Danforth Hewes, should recommend the book. The adventures of Dan Boit in Boston, then in Washington and finally on the frontier are cleverly linked with the New England shipping era of the late eighteenth century, President Jefferson at Washington and the days of the Conestoga wagons and Ohio flatboats.

We cannot begin to tell you of the wonderful selection of picture books from which you have to choose. *George Washington* (Doubleday, Doran), by Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire, tells the story of the Father of our country in a truly American way. *Children of the White House* (Rand McNally), by Frances Cavanah and Genevieve Foster, which gives some authentic stories of the children that lived and romped behind the curtains in the official residence of the Presidents, *Willy Nilly* (Macmillan), by Marjorie Flack, a delightful penguin story, *Mittens* (Harper), by Claire Turlay Newberry, a story of the cutest little kitten one can imagine, *The Smiths and Rusty* (Scribner's), by Alice Dalghiesh, which tells all about a stray cocker spaniel, *Plouf* (Harper), by Lida, for the adventures of a little duck and his seven brothers and sisters all hatched at the same time, are all so good that we cannot make any choice between them. Our advice is to suit the choice to brother's or sister's inclination. We almost forgot about *The Story of Ferdinand* (Viking), by Munro Leaf and Robert Lawson, if the children prefer a real bull for a pet. *Henner's Lydia* (Doubleday, Doran), by Marguerite de Angeli, should conclude this picture story book review. Mrs. de Angeli tells a charming story about an Amish girl, named Lydia, who lived in Pennsylvania and made her first trip to market. And we just cannot finish without mentioning *Picture Tales from Spain* (Stokes), by Ruth Sawyer, which little folks will just love.

We have a feeling that any number of books have been forgotten, for even now, when we thought the list was done, we happened to remember *Jerry and the Pony Express* (Doubleday, Doran), by Sanford Tousey, which any nine year old boy will just revel in. And then there are three books from Random House, *Hard Alee!*, by Nora Benjamin, *Up Creek and Down Creek*, by Esther Greenacre Hall, and *Play Street*, by Helen Train Hilles, fascinating stories that any twelve year old will enjoy.

And now that we are into this business of suggesting things for the children's Christmas, perhaps we should conclude by recommending some toys in the bargain. We were thinking of it after witnessing Macy's Thanksgiving Parade as it passed near our Editorial Offices. But then we remembered about the gardener who, because he grew potatoes, thought he knew all about everything; unfortunately for him and his garden he turned philosopher. There is a proverb, too, about the shoemaker sticking to his last. On second thought, which is usually the best, we think we had better not attempt the toys.

BOOKS

THE WELL AND THE WASTELAND

THE WELL OF ENGLISH. *Blanche Mary Kelly. Harper and Brothers.* \$3

IT is impossible to agree with anyone on everything. But in page after page of this remarkable book one finds one's self nodding assent so often to the brilliant summaries, asides, epitomes, and appraisals of Blanche Mary Kelly, that before the book is half finished the reader has become completely the author's disciple.

The Well of English is a history, a thesis, an essay and a discussion (and reads as delightfully as a story) tracing the influence of the Catholic tradition on English literature from the earliest Saxon poets down to the present day. "For the purpose of this book" says Miss Kelly "it has been absolutely necessary to review the facts of English literature, not in order to re-tell them but to show them against their religious background." To qualify for this task, one needed to know both the facts and the Faith. Blanche Mary Kelly knows both thoroughly. And thus she is able to establish her very brave thesis with fairness and without apology, and with an utter lack of forcing or raising of the voice. "Obviously she says this is a partisan book, but not, I think, a prejudiced one."

Her aim in *The Well of English*, she declares, "is not to reduce the mystery of human genius to the limits of a theological formula. It is merely to claim that the Catholic religion explains life in terms which answer with unequivocal clearness all the questionings of the human spirit, and that, given literary genius, a gift wholly independent of religion, the possession of this religious certitude will be peculiarly favorable to literary production." Alarmed at such forthrightness, those reviewers to whom the words partisan and prejudice are synonymous will run away from this book. Let them do so at their peril. In point of information alone they will be the losers. And as for interpretation, which Miss Kelly masterfully combines with the other, sooner or later the I-won't-have-it critics will come back to this book begging, in order to discover what happened to English literature (and why) between the time when Milton in whom "the fire of religious inspiration kindled by the Catholic Faith leaped upward in one last Pentecostal flame before sinking into prolonged inanition" released his thunderous verse, and the time when T. S. Eliot was driven tepidly to declare "This is the way the world ends, not with a bang but a whimper." Mr. Eliot talks of the wasteland, Miss Kelly of the well that once supplied it with water. Miss Kelly's insights are not devotional. She does not plead, she shows. She does not preach, she teaches. Her method is entirely inductive. There is not a single personal reference in the book. It is an extremely intelligent and instructive piece of writing, and in a style as clear and refreshing as the symbol used in the title.

LEONARD FEENEY

STILL RIGHTING PROTESTANT HISTORY

CHARACTERS OF THE REFORMATION. *Hilaire Belloc. Sheed and Ward.* \$3.50

THIS series of character portrayals illuminates the movements and tendencies Mr. Belloc has so well plotted in many of his historical works, but especially in his

Europe and The Faith and *How The Reformation Happened*. The first chapter of the book is something of a summary of *Europe and the Faith* and sets forth briefly though adequately the nature of that revolution which historians call the Reformation. It insists on a thesis familiar to readers of Belloc, that the Reformation did not achieve a complete victory any more than did the Catholic Counter-Reformation, but that it permanently divided Europe into two civilizations, one poisoned by Puritanism, the other sustained by the Catholic Church.

There is only one sentence in that masterly introduction which calls for comment. Belloc says: "Further, the great effect of the Jesuits had been to recover Europe for the Faith by making every sort of allowance—trying to understand and by sympathy to attract the worldly and the sensual and all the indifferent, and insisting the whole time on the absolute necessity of loyalty to the Church." I think he overlooks in this the evidence presented by Father Brodrick in his *Economic Morals of the Jesuits* showing that Saint Peter Canisius, the first Jesuit declared a Doctor of the Church, was not at all accommodating in the matter of interest taking. Nor was the only other Doctor of the Church among the Jesuits, Saint Robert Bellarmine, accommodating enough to the temporal power of the Papacy. In fact the Jesuits were, on economic morals as in more speculative questions like the reception accorded to the philosophy of Descartes, divided into reactionaries, middle-of-the-road men, and radicals.

That these character studies are lucidly written and flood the period with historical interest is obvious. There is only one Belloc. That he has read into and around the subject is guaranteed by the circumstance that he has written quite voluminous works on several of the characters he here presents briefly. The thesis that threads through the whole volume is this: "This our European structure, built upon the noble foundations of classical antiquity, was formed through, exists by, is consonant to, and will stand only in the mold of the Catholic Church." The book does not go in for mass-production in footnotes, is fair to Ireland, Poland, Spain, and the Jesuits. These last mentioned four things never cease to be an irritant to the Nordic mind because they never accepted that cringing servility to the civil state which is the prime secular fruit of the Reformation at home, or its bumptious bullying exhibited abroad. Therefore they must be lied about in a book destined to circulate widely in the English-speaking countries. Since Belloc does not lie about them, his book will not circulate so widely as we would like.

ALFRED G. BRICKEL

ADDED VIEWS OF A SETTLED CONVERT

WITHIN THAT CITY. *By Arnold Lunn. Sheed and Ward.* \$2.50

THE NAME of Arnold Lunn was first encountered by me at a rather tender age, but no tenderer, after all than his own, when, barely out of Harrow, he published a schoolboy novel, *The Harrovians*, based on notes taken *sur le champ*, and hence impressing the reader by its air of spontaneous and irreverent realism. The author followed up this literally virgin effort by another book on Harrow, *Loose Ends*, where his treatment of his old school was slightly more mature, but, by the same token, less spontaneous. In both these books, written around a famous institution, professedly under the aegis of the English Church, the note of genuine religion was

strangely (or perhaps not strangely) absent, both in their characters and in their creator. When next I heard of Mr. Lunn it was on the occasion of buying at Oxford his clever and highly fallacious *Roman Converts*, a book which the author now, no doubt, wishes were forgotten, though it had the great merit of containing the one effective reply one knows to the late Mr. Strachey's mendacious essay on Cardinal Manning.

When Mr. Lunn, after his conversion to the Church, wrote his first apologia, *Now I See*, he was chiefly concerned with an appeal to the objective reason as a motive of conversion; and hence the present book, a series of after thoughts addressed far more to the emotions of a non-Catholic reader, will, very probably, have a wider appeal. "The pill," to employ the author's own phrase, "is more than adequately coated with personal testimony." Such public confessions, especially on the part of converts, are always interesting and often highly serviceable. Mr. Lunn often quotes the late Father Tyrrell with effect, a renegade, if the word be not too severe, whose apostasy Mr. Lunn charitably ascribes to a bad liver. The essays which are, on the whole, a little too thinly linked together, deal in a very telling and witty fashion (the fashion of *Roman Converts* transposed to Rome) with such elements or bypaths of Catholicism as the advantage of a Latin Liturgy, the incorrigible "choosiness" of heretics, the insularity of the Church of England, the miracles of Lourdes, the dishonesty of Protestant, revised, and "modern" versions of the New Testament. Finally, there is a remarkable analysis of the old illusion, held even by some Catholics, that conversion to the Church is a belated panacea producing immediate happiness here below. "Surely the thing that matters about Catholicism," concludes the author in words which contain a lesson for many converts, "is not whether it makes Lunn happy, but whether it hits the target." In other words Catholicism is not a recipe for felicity, but a formulary of the truth; and truth and happiness are often different values.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT

SECRETARY IN THE CRITICAL SEVENTIES

HAMILTON FISH, THE INNER HISTORY OF THE GRANT ADMINISTRATION. By Allan Nevins. Dodd, Mead and Co. \$5

A SPLENDID summary of a difficult period is presented in this biography. In spite of its "extreme compression," it does not clog up with enumerations but carries the march of events along with a sustained tempo that makes the book rank well amongst modern biographies.

Through the eyes of one who salvaged what could be saved of a weak administration, we see the period before the civil war and the "unhappy Southern policy" and "indifference to reform" of the plundering 'seventies.

The great question of human rights, the clash of civilizations, rumbled in the first half of the last century, and the angry swellings of human emotions foreboded the struggle to come, as two civilizations in one nation struggled for dominance. A clearer insight is given into the times of the rise and fall of national parties and leaders as they proved able or unable to interpret and guide the surging thought of the people. Political parties failed to grasp the fundamental issue of human rights. Violent passions, justly aroused at the violation of human rights, trampled upon other rights in their effort to attain a laudable end; and plunged a nation into a fratricidal war.

A small minority persisted blindly in promoting unjust claims, and another small minority, with its truculent ways, drove the border States, friends of human rights, to take up arms for State Rights. The Halls of State were deserted for the field of battle; blood-letting of a primitive people. The matter is highly interesting

in the parallel it offers to our own times. We hope we have leaders who can guide us safely through our present crisis.

A prostrate nation is presented in the book, a nation rich in economic resources yet plundered by wolves let loose by venal incompetence in governmental personnel. "Lax morals of the financial world were transferred to the political world." The moral law was cast aside and chaos was the result. Truly "politics without religion is factionalism," in the words of Peter Maurin.

Hamilton Fish often said: "If the Union could be dissolved by the constitutional election of any eligible man, then it had not the strength necessary for its own preservation." The Union was not dissolved but if the price has not been paid in vain, we must ground our people in principles of morality which alone will inspire alertness to responsibilities in the individual upon which right order in a democracy or any other form of government depends. Without religion we are faced with corruption and factionalism that will strangle the efforts of the best of governments.

It is interesting to meet the leaders of those days; to know of Fish's attitude toward Webster, his friendship with Thurlow Weed and Sumner, his disapproval of the Know-Nothing movement and Abolitionist tactics, of his trying days with Grant when threats of war and corruption in high places all but smothered his efforts for justice and peace.

The wide sweep of the period covered prevents more than a hurried touch at times; special field work, monograph writing, is left to the future, reversing the order of Dr. H. E. Bolton in his writing of *The Rim of Christendom* where the special work was done in advance and a resulting book, a masterpiece of historical writing, attains a higher position than the quick masterly review we have before us.

It is regrettable that the responsibility of Cuban conditions is fastened on the Church, shackled as it was by an absolute government which had not been Catholic in many long years in its philosophy of government or action. Fanaticism is not Catholic. It finds its rest more often in the irreligious minds that seek cover in the isms opposed to religion. The wholesome interest in the human rights of the Cubans, and discussed with brutality, is refreshing in the light of the present-day attitude toward the human rights of Catholic Mexicans. These points will be cleared up by the monograph writers of the future, no doubt.

The two-fold object of the author has been attained. Hamilton Fish can no longer be neglected by the future historians nor can the inner history of the Grant Administration with all its terrible weakness. A clear proof that a government without religion is factionalism.

ARTHUR FALVEY

BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

REMEMBER. Compiled and edited by Rev. F. X. Lasance. Benziger Brothers. \$2.50

ANOTHER worthwhile book is added to the long list of ascetical and devotional works published by the zealous and indefatigable Father Lasance. As its title hints, it is intended to be provocative of reflection rather than as something to be merely read. The author suggests that it may be picked up at any time and opened at any page and some serious thought will be found proposed. Oftentimes it will be a verse from Scripture; oftentimes a select passage from some great spiritual master; sometimes a brief prayer. There is never a long piece of continued discourse. These thoughts are like beads of a chaplet strung along on the general themes: the end of man, the four last things, the passion of Our Lord, human suffering, and humility and patience. In format, the book is neat and pleasing.

THEATRE

AT first thought two rival productions of *Hamlet* seemed almost too much for one season. As it worked out, however, they have added a fine zest to the lives of New York playgoers. It has been absorbing to follow first John Gielgud's interpretation of the overwrought young Dane, and then Leslie Howard's; and after that to talk about them.

Years ago, at the Convent of Notre Dame in Milwaukee, the venerable Sister Ernesta repeatedly asked her students an embarrassing question. "Young ladies," she demanded, "when do you read? When do you think? When do you converse?" Not one of us was able to give her satisfactory replies. I can testify that this winter the young ladies of the Catholic schools and colleges in and around New York are conversing. They are conversing about the two *Hamlets* on our stage, which many of them are being allowed to study at matinee performances; and if at times their imaginations are torn between the subtleties of Mr. Howard's acting and the wave in his hair the experience as a whole is all to the good. They are having fine practice in debate, and they are able to instruct their elders on a new topic.

Half a dozen of them, taken to a matinee by me, have just been instructing me. As one of the girls put it: "We are not critics or playwrights—but we are intelligent spectators, and our opinions ought to mean something." So they should, children, so they should. And when all is said and done, most of the opinions I have heard expressed at New York luncheon and dinner tables this season are more or less in harmony with theirs.

I found little difference between the girls and myself as to the superior appeal of Mr. Howard's production to the human eye. It is a work of arresting and exciting beauty. Again and again the gorgeousness of background and costumes makes one catch one's breath. Given a free hand and a full purse Stewart Chaney has shown us an eleventh century Denmark of tremendous power over eye and imagination. There are a few carpens who think that this magnificence is oppressive, that by contrast it dims the luster of the star. We, the other Convent girls and I, feel that a star worth rising in such a setting must be, and is, more brilliant than his background. Certainly none of us turned from Mr. Howard to gaze upon the pomp and trappings around him. We merely took them in, appreciatively and with one eye, in passing. The other eye remained firmly on Mr. Howard from start to finish of the play.

Our next decision was that Howard is a far handsomer *Hamlet* than Gielgud, and has a better figure, but that he does not dress the role as effectively. Those few royal gems that blazed at Gielgud's throat were amazingly effective among his habiliments of woe. They made him look a prince—and in the long line of *Hamlets* who have walked the world's Rialto, there has never been one who was indifferent to his appearance. We (again I refer to the other girls and myself!) also preferred the Schuyler Watts version of the play to that used by Mr. Gielgud. We agreed that Lillian Gish was infinitely superior in the role to Pamela Stanley. We also agreed, without a dissenting voice, that there was no excuse for the loud speaker in the Gielgud ghost scene.

From this point my instruction began. My contention was and is, that magnificent as both productions undoubtedly are, and admirable as most of the interpretations are in both, there is not one moment of really great acting in either production. There was not a dull moment for me, so far as that went; but not once, from either star, did I get a reflection of the warmth or the light of the fire of genius. Intellectual pleasure, yes, plenty of it. The difference of the conception of the two

stars as to *Hamlet's* character was in itself enough to occupy the mind agreeably. But I found Mr. Howard's *Hamlet* entirely too quiet and restrained a lad to fit into his barbaric background: I found him not quite up to the majesty of his lines: I found him—yes, I *did*—not up to the greatest heights and the greatest depths of the greatest role William Shakespeare ever wrote for an actor. And exactly the same findings came to me while watching Mr. Gielgud's interpretation.

However, I was all wrong about these matters, the Convent girls more than hinted. They were thrilled by both versions. The important point is that we all had a wonderful time at both plays. Mr. Gielgud's version, having been announced for closing by its producer, Gilbert Miller, subsequently had its run extended. Mr. Howard, though he admitted to his second night audience that he was not so happy as he had been the first night, will undoubtedly play *Hamlet* throughout this season.

William A. Brady is one of the ablest of our producers. His wife, Grace George, is one of the most gifted and popular actresses on the stage today. She has a fine mind, unusual perception, and the power to lift to the heights almost any role she plays. Nevertheless, this gifted pair has not been able to find for Miss George a play worthy of her. She nearly found it in *Kind Lady*, the drama in which she briefly appeared last year. Now she is with us again in a French farce, *Matrimony Preferred*, written by Louis Vernouil, translated by Miss George, with the able assistance of James Forbes, and produced by William A. Brady at the Playhouse. The thing is as light as a soap bubble but by no means as antiseptic. One can stand a good deal of French frankness if it is part of real French art. There is nothing artistic about *Matrimony Preferred* except Miss George's beautiful work in the leading role, and the admirable acting of her excellent company. The plot is ancient, the humor is forced, and all the star's superb artistry is needed to keep the action moving. If the play continues, and I shall not be greatly surprised if it does, it will be because Miss George establishes herself, like Miss Bankhead, as a play-proof actress, able through her large personal following to carry a play to success.

The abrupt passing of *Plumes in the Dust* calls for something more than an obituary line. The play, written by Sophie Treadwell around the life of Edgar Allen Poe, and produced by Arthur Hopkins at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre, should have had a longer lease of life. It was no better than it had to be to inspire confidence in some producer's breast, but the fine acting of Henry Hull in the leading role was something I shall not forget.

Those of us who make a life job of writing are extremely critical of impersonations of writers on the stage. We have reason for this. Stage characters who are supposed to be writers are represented at the best as actors and actresses who would not recognize a book if they saw one.

We saw Poe's flaming heart, his tortured soul, his magnificently arrogant brain, his intolerance of cheapness and pretentiousness and concessions and bad work. We saw his sweetness with his child wife when he was with her and the swiftness with which he forgot her when he was away from her. We saw him breaking his promise to her the very night she died, and getting drunk and going to a party. It was all amazingly realistic and convincing and depressing. Probably the depressing influence of the play is what killed it. We can stand occasional "sad scenes," but few of us like to spend an evening watching a genius sink steadily in the quicksands of life till those quicksands close over his head. Mr. Hull's performance, however, carried us to the highest hills of art.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

LLOYDS OF LONDON. England, it would appear from the films, has more often been saved from military disaster by wealthy non-combatants than by generals. Having been shown how the Rothschilds won the battle of Waterloo, we are now introduced to a Trafalgar glorious by the grace of Lloyds. The present film is a fluffed-up spectacle with passages of stirring action and impressive dignity. Its moments of dullness are emphasized by a directorial penchant for shaking the empire at the drop of an insurance policy, and very often the plot is unable to live up to the portentous atmosphere in which it is unfolded. When the youthful Jonathan Blake sets out for London to expose an insurance fraud, he parts with his chum Horatio who enters the naval service. Years later, Blake becomes the genius of the house of Lloyds and aids Lord Nelson to achieve victory by keeping the British navy at full fighting strength when financiers are demanding armed protection for commercial vessels. Meanwhile, Blake is involved in an embittering romance with a woman who later saves him from financial ruin. Scenes at the battle of Trafalgar and of Nelson's funeral procession are most effective. Freddie Bartholomew is excellent as the boy Blake and Tyrone Power assumes the character in maturity. The playing is uniformly adequate with Madeleine Carroll, Sir Guy Standing and C. Aubrey Smith outstanding. The appeal of this film is for adults owing to problems neither financial nor naval. (*Twentieth Century-Fox*)

WHITE HUNTER. This film evidently springs from the tradition that there is nothing left to Englishmen disgraced at home but to take up big game hunting in Africa. That the hero does not return, bronzed and mysteriously taciturn, to set Mayfair wondering is due to the fact that romance, in the person of his detractor's daughter, softens his bitterness and opens the door to his former life. Warner Baxter, as the wronged man, sets out on safari with foe and family. In the jungle he is torn between vengeance and love but, since the latter passion has the scenarist's support, reconciliation follows amid striking scenes of wild animal life. It is simply a variation on a too familiar theme but Mr. Baxter, June Lang and Wilfred Lawson play with convincing earnestness and the photography has been handled with telling effect. (*Twentieth Century-Fox*)

BORN TO DANCE. An expert production in a light vein, this musical comedy presents all the graces of song and dance while poking good-humored fun at the romantic element in Uncle Sam's navy. Eleanor Powell's individual tapping technique is the most creditable feature of a continuously amusing film. As for the plot, she uses the common practice of understudying a temperamental stage star until the inevitable opportunity for fame arrives; but her association with a sailor encountered at a Lonely Hearts Club provides novel fun. Assisting her in the dance is the eccentric Buddy Ebsen, and James Stewart, Una Merkle, Sid Silvers and Virginia Bruce contribute a share of excellence. The lovely singing of Frances Langford is the gracious *panache* on a picture combining all the elements of good family entertainment. (*MGM*)

THE PLOT THICKENS. If you have been following the adventures of Oscar Piper, the detective whose professional reputation is continually being saved by the amateur Miss Withers, you will welcome this further complication of their lives. Murder and the theft of the famous Cellini Cup involve them in episodes which are amusing and sometimes exciting. James Gleason plays his usual hard-boiled role and Zasu Pitts is a sufficiently spinsterish Hildegard. (*RKO*) THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

EVENTS

OLD taboos and customs continued slinking out as the newer social behavior kept on emerging. . . . A deepening *sangfroid* toward dynamite was sensed. . . . A Gotham youth played with a bomb, bounced it on the floor until a friend counseled other forms of diversion. . . . An Eastern driver never overturned his truck when he transported cabbages. He overturned it the first time he carried dynamite. . . . The old practice of giving turkeys to the Thanksgiving dinner was altered by a New York town. The dinner was given to the turkeys. Officials explained turkeys enjoyed Thanksgiving more this way. . . . At a Virginia wedding, the bride wore bandages around her head instead of a bridal veil. The brakes on the bridal car had lost their pristine vigor. . . . A New York zoo acquired a skink—the second live skink to honor these shores. Skink-lovers hope gradually to acquire more skinks. . . . Disorders, dismal mishaps erupted. . . . A mule was lynched in the Southwest. . . . A North Carolina man, feeling certain that a mouse was running up and down his leg under his overalls, jumped into a nearby river. . . . Precedents were *in fieri*. A Tennessee judge must determine whether the law detects any difference between wieners and bologna. At present, bologna is sold legally on Sundays; wieners are just sold. . . . A new kind of doughboy appeared in New Jersey. To exclude the night noises, he stuffed his ears with dough. As the noises became softer and softer, the dough became harder and harder. In the morning doctors cleaned out his ears with chisels. . . . A Los Angeles bride sued her parents-in-law for misrepresenting the nature of their son. They told her he was a gentleman, she charged. . . .

Casey, hero of "Casey at the Bat" died. He made a hit when he struck out with the bases loaded in the Mudville stadium. . . . A nephew of the boy, who stood on the burning deck, whence all but he had fled, passed away. . . . The growing influence of women in political life was glimpsed. New York's Governor Lehman journeyed to Hollywood, had a long conference with Shirley Temple. Miss Shirley did not deny they had gone over the political situation. She said: "We were talking politics." . . . 5,000 Germans and 42 Irishmen arrived in Spain to fight the Marxists. Military experts doubted the necessity of sending so many Irishmen (there are only about 150,000 Frenchmen, Russians, and Spaniards in the Marxist army). . . . The 42 Irishmen will be deployed in three columns of 14 each. One column may take over the siege of Madrid giving Franco's army a rest. The other two columns will chase Russians and Frenchmen in other parts of Spain. . . . The propaganda effects of the new phoney Russian constitution are becoming manifest. This constitution is a false face designed to make Russia look like a democracy to people who cannot see the real features beneath the mask. . . . No longer is it to be a world battle between Fascism and Communism. Now it is between Fascism and democracy (the Russian brand). Certain American newspapers are already beginning to talk that way. . . . We do not like Fascism, but this much can be said for it. It does not pretend to be democracy. . . . Stalin has fashioned an ingenious mask. But—it is a mask. . . .

Fernando de los Rios, Spanish Ambassador to the United States, is going around the country giving anti-Catholic talks. . . . That is a rather strange situation. Twenty million American Catholics being insulted by a foreign ambassador. . . . Arthur Brisbane writes in his column: "There can be only one ruler of the universe, therefore only one absolutely accurate religion." . . . That is what the Catholic Church has been telling the world for 2,000 years.

THE PARADER